TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year, . . 5.00.

No. 256.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

From the German of Uhland. BY HAP HAZARD.

Say, hast thou seen the castle That towers near the sea? Above it, gold and purple, The clouds sail tranquilly.

It bows all low, in seeming,
Beneath the limpid flood;
Fain would it mount to rival
The sunset-crimsoned cloud.

"Oft have I seen the castle
That looms far o'er the tide,
The moon above it hanging,
The mist on every side."

The wind and ocean billow— Say, rolled their chant along? And, from the high halls sounding, Blent harp with festal song?

The wind had sunk in slumber, The billow lost its surge. From out the halls of splendor, I heard with tears a durge."

Saw you a royal couple
Upon the turrets brown—
The sweep of purple mantle—
The glint of golden crown?

And led they forth a maiden Resplendent like the sun, With hair in flowing masses, Like threads of sunlight spun?

Ah! both the parents saw I, Not decked with crowns, I ween, But draped in somber vestments— No maiden walked between!'

THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER IV. THE RANCHO BELLE AND THE FATED GUEST.

"QUIET, Lolette-what is the matter with With these words the rider leaned forward and soothingly stroked the glistening, proudly-arched neck of the snorting mustang—a beau-

tiful cream and white spotted animal. It was a charming picture thus formed; the spirited "paint mustang," every nerve aquiver, like a bird just ready to rise upon the wing, yet subject to the small, firm hand of the maiden who bestrode its back with the graceful

ease and skill of one born to the saddle. After a sharp gallop of several miles, the mustang had abruptly halted, snorting suspiciously, just as they were entering a small clump of trees and undergrowth through which the trail wound. And as the maiden cast her eyes around in search of what had alarmed Lolette, a half-suppressed exclamation parted

her lips. A dark figure suddenly sprung up from the dense undergrowth, and leaping forward securely grasped the bridle-reins. After a momentary struggle Lolette yielded to the strong clutch upon her nostrils, and stood still, con-

quered. "What do you mean, ladrone? Release my horse, or—!" cried the maiden, raising her

riding-whip threateningly. "Use white man's lingo, little one—I cain't understand Greaser gibberish," roughly responded the man, instinctively throwing one arm before his face to guard against the expected stroke. "An' you keep that switch quiet. 'Twasn't made fer whippin' humans. I know 'tain't polite to handle a female critter rough, but don't do that-you mought git hurt. Better take things easy—it's the best way.

"Do you know who I am?" demanded the lady, in slightly accented English, her whiphand slowly sinking.

"Don't I? 'Tany rate I've see'd ye often enough. Don't s'pose you remember me, though I reckon you've see'd me a thousan' times. I war one o' your pap's herders, ontel he sent me adrift, fust givin' me a taste o' rawhide fer-as he said-helpin' the reds run off some o' his cattle. I swore then I'd make him pay gold fer every lick, an' so I will. This is very chaince I've been lookin' fer, this month past. I knowed you'd come this way sooner or later, an' I've bin layin' low fer ye. I've got ye now, safe an' sound

What is your object—what do you intend doing?" quietly asked the maiden, as she almost imperceptibly shifted the whip in her hand until its golden head hung downward.

Money-or revenge; I don't justly know which," slowly replied the ruffian, his bloodshot eyes roving gloatingly over the beautiful face and superbly-molded figure of his captive. "I thought I'd hold you captive ontel the old man, de Sylva, kem down ginerous wi' the dubbs, but I don't know now. You're a like-

ly-lookin' gal, an' I hain't hed a squaw-' The coarse speech, rendered even more insulting by the leer that accompanied it, was abruptly cut short. Quick as thought the lady's arm rose and descended, the gold knob upon her whip striking the ruffian full in the face so forcibly that a jet of blood followed the stroke. Her blood fairly on fire at the insult, the maiden plied the whip with wonderful force and rapidity, at the same time using her spurs freely, in hopes that Lolette would break loose and ride over the villain. Yet, despite the stinging blows, the hot blood that ran into his eyes, the outlaw held the mustang with a grip of iron, while attempting to shield his face from the whip with the other.

"I'll make you pay big fer this—jest

wait ontel I git vou-At this moment he succeeded in grasping more to my liking," laughed the cavalier.



With a cry of encouragement, the cavalier dashed forward, holding a revolver in his hand.

the whip and wrenched it from the maiden's hands, tossing it, broken, into the bushes. Despite her courage, the maiden felt her heart sicken as she found herself disarmed, and for the first time she raised her voice in a cry for help, forgetting that she was miles from home and friends. Yet a clear, mellow voice made Side by side the couple rode away from the and friends. Yet a clear, mellow voice made answer, and turning her head, she distinguished the figure of a horseman, rapidly advancing.

A furious curse from the ruffian told that he had noticed the rider, and for a moment he attitudes of the riders, together with their rich, in hasty flight. But then, as a second glance showed him that the horseman was alone, the old insolent look returned, and, with an oath, he drew a revolver from his belt and cocked

"Ef you keer much fer that spark yender, gal, you'd best tell him to keep to his own trail, fer ef he 'tempts to interfere with my a'fairs, down he goes ef he was the king himsullenly growled the squat Hercules.

"Help, senor—but be cautious—the villain is armed!" cried the lady, causing Lolette to rear and plunge, thus causing the first shot of the outlaw to speed far from its mark.

With a cry of encouragement, the cavalier dashed forward, holding a revolver in his hand but making no attempt to use it, evidently fearful of injuring the lady, while the cursing ruffian emptied chamber after chamber of his weapon without cheeking the stranger's charge. The blood that streamed over his face, or the estless movements of Lolette in obedience to the touches of her mistress' spurs, must have disturbed his aim, for apparently not one of the six bullets touched the horseman, who swiftly advanced, and, with his revolver almost touchrapid succession. Without a groan the man dropped to the ground-a faint, convulsive quivering, then the roughly-clad figure lay

You have killed him!" murmured the maiden, as she checked the affrighted plungings of Lolette.

you, lady," replied the cavalier, in a quiet tone. "He would not be satisfied with less.

Don Crespino Montalado seemed But he is not worth your regrets. May I ask what caused him to assault you?"

"He was a discharged vaquero, I believe. and declared that he would hold me for a heavy ransom. But, senor, are you injured?"

'No-thanks to your presence of mind. the rascal had not kept hold of your bridle he might have shot better. But I am very well satisfied as it is," and the cavalier laughed

"I have not thanked you, senor, but it is because I cannot find words to express my grati-My father will know how-you will give him the opportunity? 'Tis but a few miles distant to our home.' "Thanks, lady, are embarrassing to one who

don my forgetfulness. My name is Crespino Montalado—I am bound for Santa Fe, on business. May I ask—? "You have earned the right, Don Montala-do," smiled the lady. "My name is Anita de Sylva; my father has a cattle rancho beside the Arroyo Florez. He will be most happy to

become acquainted with you. Shall we ride

has done nothing to deserve them. A kindly thought, now and then, is all I ask. But par-

"With pleasure. I did intend passing my Cuss you fer a wildcat!" he snarled, an- night with the broad canopy of heaven for a coverlet, but-please do not think me too prosaic—a bed beneath a friendly roof is much

"And that—" glancing toward the motion- | spot where the affray had taken place, with

less body.
"Let it lie for the coyotes or vultures—fit grave for one who dared to insult you, lady. Or—we can send out a party from the rancho

emed about to plunge into the undergrowth | bright and picturesque dress—all was in per-

fect keeping. Anita de Sylva was of that rare type of beauty in a Spaniard of pure blood-a blonde; but when met with they are almost invariably lovely beyond description. Her figure was tall and of such just and noble proportions that one was not so much struck by its unusual hight as by the flexile grace, the undulating wavings and balancings of its motions. Her complexion was clear, yet not dazzlingly white; a healthful glow suffused her cheeks, perhaps deepened by the complimentary speeches so softly spoken by the handsome cavalier riding beside her. Her eyes, when at rest, were of a deep, soulful blue that changed with strong emotion to almost black. Her hair, a rich, golden yellow, she wore coiled round her crown in a massive plat, secured by a gleaming golden arrow. Her dress was of some light, yet stout material, and differed greatly from the habit one usually expects an equestrian to wear, inasmuch as the skirt was very short, barely reaching the knee, open in front to the waist. Beneath this was a pair of Turkish trowsers, or "bloomers," full and flowing, tight at the ankle, where they met tiny blue kid boots, that ing the outlaw's head, discharged two shots in must have cost a fortune in that out-of-theway place. These were each armed with a sharp golden spur, and rested in the silverplated stirrups, for Senorita Anita rode a la Mexicana, or, in vulgar parlance, "man-Nor was it an unpleasing picture, fashion." though doubtless it would have attracted as much notice and comments in our fashionable The dog deserved it for daring to molest circles as would the sight of a lady in a side-

Don Crespino Montalado seemed a fitting escort for the beauty of Arroyo Florez, though had he not been mounted upon the big "States it would have been seen that he was but little if any taller than the lady. slender, yet rounded and symmetrical build, he seemed almost effeminate, with his clear olive skin, the large, wondrously soft black eyes, the red lips, and white teeth, the profusion of blue-black hair that hung in slightlycurling locks over his shoulders, despite the black, closely-trimmed mustache that shaded his arched mouth. Yet his rescue of Anita proved that he did not lack a full share of

Riding along the couple conversed pleasantly, this novel introduction having killed that reserve generally found between recent acquaintances. They soon came in view of the ra a long, low, massively-built structure, with flat roof adorned with a variety of plants and flowers. A stout stone wall surrounded the building and formed a spacious court before it. Beyond could be seen portions of the extensive corrals, and several smaller buildings, also pro tected with stout stockades, showed where the numerous herders and other retainers of the

wealthy cattle-raiser were quartered. Don Montalado was warmly received by de Sylva—a tall, stately, gray-haired Spanish gentleman-when Anita hastily made known the

service he had rendered her.

orders to bury the ruffian, but they returned in a couple of hours, with the tidings that nobody could be found. They found the marks of the scuffle, a pool of blood, and then marks that led them to believe the rascal had dragged himself along the trail irto the undergrowth where he had left his horse, had contrived to mount and ride off. They followed his trail

driven to pasture As twilight fell, the trio-Don de Sylva,

Anita, and Montalado—ascended to the azotea, each enjoying their cigarettes while conversing. "You ask what my business may be at Santa Fe," at length uttered Montalado, speaking in a low, measured, but distinct tone. "I will tell you, freely, for it does not seem that we are other than old and tried friends. Yet it involves a not very pleasant story, though you may possibly have heard something similar to

"Twenty years ago, more or less, a man, oman and child came into Santa Fe, and settled down there. The man appeared to have command of plenty of money, and spent it with a lavish hand. For nearly a year he was very attentive to the lady, his wife; so much so indeed that he was quoted as a model of conjugal devotion and fidelity. But this soon changed. He began to frequent the gaming saloons, to drink heavily, to spend far mor time and money with those who were notorious even in that city of loose morals, than he did with his family. And then, too, tales were told of his ill-treating her—of his cursing and even beating his wife. Well, after a long run of ill-fortune at the tables, he struck a golden vein and broke the heaviest bank in townpocketing nearly one hundred thousand dollars, the reward of one sitting. And then he disappeared. At first 'twas said he was murderedbut finally it came out that he had run away with a certain woman. All trace was lost; the deserted wife could learn nothing further of him. Left without money, she nearly starved—she and her child. Then she, too,

disappeared and was lost sight of for years.
"Now comes my part in the little drama. I was living in the city of Mexico. came to me and claimed relationship, finally proving that she was my aunt, whom we had all believed dead, for years. She told us this story-of her trials and sufferings since, but which surely cannot interest you, senor. made me swear to avenge her wrongs-to seek out and punish the man who had so deeply wronged her. I promised. She then bade me visit Santa Fe and seek out one Father Justin, a priest, in whose care she had left papers and proofs to substantiate her story. This, senor, is the object of my journey." "Did she tell you the man's name?" asked

de Svlva. Yes; Antone Barillo."

"And she said that he was her-her husband? "With her dying breath she swore it-and

kissed the holy cross even as her lips chilled in death, senor. The child—what did she say of it?" "That it was stolen away from her, within the year of her desertion; she believed by her

"No-no, she was mistaken-that is, it does not seem probable that such a man would trou-ble himself about a child for whom he could have felt little love, else he would never have deserted them in the first place," hastily ut-A couple of servants were dispatched to the tered de Sylva.

"Very true, senor. But did you never hear of this man?" "Never-never until now. The name is

strange to me. But 'tis growing late. Anita, you had better retire. Don Montalado, you will find your apartment ready for you, at any time. I must beg your indulgence—this cool air is not good for my lungs—an old affection, which must be humored.' "No apologies, senor, I beg. I will smoke a cigar or two, and then follow your example,

for I must continue my journey early in the After father and daughter had disappeared below, Montalado lighted a fresh cigar and stood leaning against the parapet, gazing steadily out upon the night. Yet it was evident that his reflections were anything but pleasant, for broken sentences dropped unconsciously from his line mincled with was consciously from his lips, mingled with more than one imprecation, with which the Spanish vocabulary is so plentifully supplied.

"She was right—this is the man!" were words that a keen ear might have caught. "The darkness hid his face, but I could see that he trembled—and his voice, too. I must keep my oath—and yet—I could love that girl! Bah!" he abruptly added, shaking his head impatiently, "Don Crespino Montalado, you are a fool!" you are a fool!"

For full an hour he remained motionless; then, throwing away the stump of his cigar, he noiselessly descended the stone steps into the building. Though in the dark, he stole along like one who knew every foot of the way, no echo betraying his progress. Then he paused before a door and listened. All was still. Gently he tried and then opened it. A lamp, turned low, was burning dimly upon a table, beside the bed. In this bed slept Senor de Sylva, his gray hair and bronzed features contrasting strongly with the snowy pillow. A careworn expression rested upon his face, his brow was wrinkled and contracted.

The young man glided forward with the noiseless step of a panther creeping upon its prey, and bent over the slumberer. At this moment de Sylva stirred uneasily. Like a flash Montalado clapped a hand over the Spaniard's lips and nostrils. With a look of horror the old man's eyes opened, only to be-hold the bright blade of a cuchillo bending over his head

Swiftly the steel descended—a dull thud—a faint struggle—then all was still—still as

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE. "So-act first of our little drama," muttered the assassin, as he paused at the door to

glance back upon his work. Not a sound or motion came from the bed The dim light faintly revealed the head and shoulders of the victim, rendering even more terrible the look of horror that had overspread de Sylva's countenance as he recognized his peril. And the large diamond that ornament ed the knife-hilt flashed and sparkled like the

eyes of some venomous serpent. The first trick is ours—now to arrange for the second. If he has not failed me—the clumsy brute had his directions plain enough, but 'tis hard to beat sense into a wooden head," added the assassin, as he carefully closed the door behind him and stealthily glided along the wide hall.

'Who comes?" demanded a low voice, from the front.

"'Tis I," was the soft reply. "I am glad to see that you can be trusted, Pepe. Be sure you will be generously remembered when our work is completed. And now—is all well without? The retainers have-

The way is clear, master," respectfully replied the old man. "Nearly all the cattle are corraled, and those at large are so far distant on their ranges that you need fear no interruption from the vaqueros. And all the servants have retired to their quarters this two hours past.

"Very well—open, then, and keep a good look-out. Unless I return within an hour, you can close up," said Montalado.

The treacherous porter noiselessly unbarred and unchained the massive doors, and followng the young man, performed the same service for him at the gate of the outer wall. Then Montalado glided silently away in the gloom that the myriads of twinkling stars failed to dissipate.

Crouching down beside a shrub, Montalado busied himself for a few moments with a small flask, after which he produced from beneath his cloak a little ball. Opening this, a spark of fire was revealed, which, carefully fanned by his breath, speedily burst into a flame. Then a brilliant, star-like point of flame was raised at full length of his arm. He had touched the glowing tinder to a "spit-

ball" of moistened powder. "Ha! there is the answer—then he did carry my message correctly," muttered Montalado, casting aside his signal-light as a similar one appeared amid the darkness ahead. "Now to see what her plans are.'

Gliding forward, he soon reached the point where the answering light had been burned, beneath a small clump of the graceful algarobias. A figure, shrouded in a long, dark cloak, stepped forward and said, in a low, not

You are late-I have been waiting here for full an hour.'

'I had work to do, as you well know. "And you—you have not failed?" eagerly.
"I do not often fail in what I attempt—nor have I in this. I have struck the first blow.

have searched so many years."

have been lurking around here for nearly a building, week—with Kansas Dave. Until to day I A low was not given a chance. Day before yester day Luis de Sylva and his friend, the American, left for a hunt, and so, to-day, the girl had to ride alone. I put Dave in ambush. He played his part to perfection. I came up just at the critical moment; Dave fired above my head; I played the same trick and left him for dead—ha! ha! Of course the lady was grateful-invited me home-and equally of course I accepted, seeing this was just the end I was working for. Well, I satisfied myself that we were upon the right trail-told the senor an affecting story that made him betray himself, and finally wound up by using my

"You did not kill him—without letting him

know-"I followed your instructions to the very letter," quietly interrupted Montalado. into his room and covered his nostrils and lips with a rag soaked in chloroform, but he opened his eyes and recognized me before I used the knife. After the story I told him, he must have known that I had been playing with him. But let that pass. What is done cannot be undone. The question now is, have you changed your mind since we last met? Am I to carry off the girl—"

"I have changed it in this—that we will strike one grand blow, instead of in detail. When you left, Red Hawk was gone, and with him nearly his whole band, and it was uncertain when he would return. Well, he has returned, and with more than double his old force. He met the Kiowa chief, Opishka Koaki, and their force is now one band. They contemplate a grand raid through Texas and across the border, but consented to aid me in my revenge, first. Part of them are now on the trail of Luis de Sylva and his friend; the others are awaiting my signal."

"Then you mean to-To keep my oath of vengeance this night. We will carry the house, butcher his servants -kill, burn, destroy!" fiercely hissed the other; and the voice sounded more like the snarlings of a maddened wild beast than that of a hu-

man being. 'Hist! you must be more careful; there is no telling who may be prowling around, and if the alarm is once given and the house se"Willard! Willard! My own Willard! cured, not all the force of the Red Hawks could make an impression upon it. You must command your temper better-it is such fits of madness that have ruined your plans and hopes throughout life," a little sharply said the young

"Think of all my wrongs, think how terribly I have suffered, and all through him, the fiend incarnate! I tell you, Car-"

"Don Crespino Montalado, please, until this job is done," half laughed the youth. "But there—I did not mean to laugh. I know well my death! Oh, Willard! I am, what sufferings you have undergone, and all not, do not look at me so wildly! through this man who now calls himself Senor de Sylva. I know, and I have promised to help you to revenge. I will still keep my word— but first: tell me what fate you have in store for his daughter, the lady Anita?"

'Why do you ask? What is she-what can she be to you?" almost fiercely demanded the

"Nothing—she can be nothing, as you say.
And yet, I will tell you that I could love that girl. She is good, pure, noble-hearted—an angel of light beside you and I!"

Will miracles never cease? You are growing tender-hearted-you, the tiger's cub, growing sentimental over a yellow-haired, doll-

"Baby or not, you will find in her an enemy not to be despised, if ever you meet face to

"If-but she will not have the chance clips her wings. your aid, but I can do without it. Only, if you desert me now, my curse-

"Stop—words are easy spoken, but hard to recall. What cause have I given you to talk thus? Your cause is mine, and I will not turn back now that my hand is to the handle. yet, when I think of her, and think of what might have been if— But there. Enough of this folly. You did not answer my que What do you intend doing with Anita de Syl-

'Red Hawk has seen her, and says-"He - the hideous, foul-mouthed brute! Mother, as God hears me, if that ruffian dares to so much as look at Anita de Sylva, with a thought to possess her, I will kill him, though by doing so I seal my own death-warrant. You—and I, as well—have sworn the death of this family, one and all, and if you hold me to my oath, I cannot prove false to it. But, though I have to use the knife myself, Anita shall not be wronged by Red Hawk, nor any of his followers. Surely one death is enoug for your vengeance; you need not make her suffer death twice over.

Well, let the matter dron. It is a subject for afterthought, and need not interfere with our work at present. You have arranged matters so that we need not storm the house Though strong enough, if we can accomplish our object without loss to our side, so much the better. How is it?"

"The way is open. When you bade me come here, I had an eye to what might happen, and so sent Pepe ahead. He played his part well, and is now a servant inside. night he made the porter drunk, and is acting in his place. He will open the door at my signal.

Good! you are my child, after all. But now, better go. You must be inside, to look after your new sweetheart-ha! ha!-or the dainty bird might come to harm, for the Red Hawks will flesh their bills deeply to-night.

If they fly too high, mother, I know how to clip their wings. Remember, when you see a small fire-ball flung over the wall, you are to advance, on foot and in silence. Pepe will be ready to let you in. After that you know what to do. I will go first and scout around the men's quarters, for if the alarm spread too soon, there are enough of them to give you serious trouble.

"Don't be long, child. I have waited for my revenge through near a score of long, weary years, and now that it is within reach, I am on fire to grasp it."

'In half an hour, at the most, you shall see the signal.

Montalado turned and glided rapidly away toward the quarters where the herders, whose "off night" it was, were sleeping. The young man gave evidence of no mean skill as a scout and spy, as he noiselessly inspected the buildistening at the stockade, and then, satisfied that no one was upon the alert, he adroitly scaled the barrier, dropping inside. He had a double object in this. One was to ascertain beyond doubt that the herders were soundly ously.

Your suspicions were correct. This de Sylva, as he calls himself, is the man for whom you entrance to the Red Hawks, so that they might crush the herders before they had time to fair-"You are sure—tell me all—everything!" ly realize the danger that threatened. This "Kansas Dave might have saved me that trouble, in part, but never mind. The night is before us. Listen, then. You know that I

A low whistle assured Pepe, the false servant, that it was his real master who came, and the gate was opened.

"Leave it unlocked, good Pepe," said Montado, in a low tone. "Our friends the Red lado, in a low tone. Hawks will be here in a few minutes. Is all quiet within?"

'Si, senor," respectfully replied the man. "There is not a soul stirring, and only the snoring of drunken Rafael to be heard. The Hawks will find an easy prey this time, as well as a fat one. The old man can count his doub-loons by the thousands, and the silver plate—" "Hist-your tongue runs too freely, Pepe.

Hast been at the strong water with old Rafael, I judge. But there—I leave you here until I ome back. Get your fire-ball ready, and—"
A bright flash, a sharp report, and Montala do staggered back with a quick cry, stumbling and falling to the floor. And then a dark form leaped forward and buried a long knife to the very hilt in Pepe's throat.

"Ha! old Rafael, drunk and snoring, may be, but not such a fool as ye think, ye dogs! chuckled the porter.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)

An Awful Mystery:

SYBIL CAMPBELL, THE QUEEN OF THE ISLE. BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER XXXIV. EXPLANATIONS.

Mine, after life! What is mine after life?
My day is closed! The gloom of night is come!
A hopeless darkness settles over my fate."
—Joanna Balllie.

"WILLARD! Willard! Willard!" With his own name breathing in his ears by the voice he never expected to hear again; with the small, fair face, the deep, blue eyes and waving, golden hair of Christie bending over him, Willard Drummond lay, scarcely daring to breathe, unable to speak, gazing with wild, wondering, incredulous eyes upon the angel-face he had never expected to behold on

Only say you know me! only speak to me once more before I die!" was the wild cry that sighed in his ear in the tones of that ever-to-be-forgotten voic

He pressed his hands to his forehead, like der. one in a dream.
"Am I mad?" he said, slowly; "or am I dead, and see Christie again in the world of

"Willard! Willard! we both live! Oh, Willard, thank God, you were spared the guilt of my death! Oh, Willard! I am not dead; do

"Can this be only the delirium of a dream? he said, passing his hand over his brow, in the same troubled and bewildered way.

No, it was not a dream! No phantom of the imagination ever could have clasped him with such yearning, clinging arms; ever could have held his head on such a warm, throbbing breast ever could have looked into his face with such passionate, undying love; ever could have showered upon him such passionate caresses. He awoke to the reality, at last. Springing

up in the bed where he lay, he gazed upon he as if doubting the evidence of his senses. 'Oh, Willard! Oh, my husband! I am not

dead; I was only wounded! I live still to say I forgive you all that is past!" 'Great Heaven! am I sane or mad?" he

said, in a low, deep, wandering voice.

She approached, caught both his hands in hers, and kneeling down before him, said: Willard, look at me! feel my hands! my face! Listen to my words! see me kneeling

before you! and believe I am your own faithful, loving Christie still!" "Then she may be saved yet!" was his wild

cry, as, unheeding the slender girl kneeling at his feet, he sprung from the bed, with the one thought of Sybil ever, ever uppermost in his mind

'Who, Willard?" "Sybil! Sybil! my wronged Sybil!"
At the words, at the name, her blissful dream

faded away. The past, the dreary, wretched past came back, and Christie's head dropped eavily on the bed.

He was scarcely in his right senses yet, but the action, and, above all, the necessity of haste, restored him to himself; and stunned, bewildered, giddy with many emotions, he sunk into a chair, and strove to collect his

"I know not yet, whether I am sleeping or waking," he said, incoherently. "Christiewhere are you? Come here; let me see you again, that I may know whether all this is not vision of a disordered brain, that will fade away as many a similar one has done.' She arose, and with a face as perfectly color-

ss as a snow-wreath, stood before him. He took her hand, so small, and warm, and transparent that it looked like an infant's; and pushing back the fine golden hair of the full white brow, gazed long and earnestly into the depths of the large blue eyes, so unspeakably sad, so deeply reproachful, now. So long did he gaze that Christie's eyes fell at last, and the golden lashes swept her cheeks, while the

her snowy brow. "Yes, this is Christie: alive still, and yet so long mourned for as dead!" he said, slowly, This is strange; this is wonderful! Christie, how came this to pass? How is it that after so many months given up for dead, I find you alive still in this forest cot?"

'eloquent blood" mantled for a moment to

"Oh, Willard! Willard! can you ask after that dreadful night?" she said, in a tone of unutterable sorrow and reproach. "That dreadful night? What dreadful night,

Christie?" he said, looking bewildered. "Oh, Willard! what a question for you to ask! That you could ever for one instant forget that night of storm and crime!" ask!

Christie, as Heaven hears me, I know not what you mean! Do you allude to that tempestueus night on which you were supposed to be murdered?"

"Oh, you know I do! You know I do! Oh, Willard! Willard! that you should speak of it like this!" she said, in that low tone of reproach. 'Christie, there is some misunderstanding here. Do you mean to say that I was with you that night?" he said, vehemently. She did not reply, but her eyes answered the

"Christie! as there is a Heaven above us. I never set foot on the island from the day we parted there after you telling me of your interview with Sybil!" said Willard, impetu"And the note?" she said, faintly.

"Do you mean the note appointing our meeting on the beach, that night of mystery?" he asked.

"Christie! I sent that note, but I never went, never! I swear it by all that is sacred in Heaven! That very hour I received news that my father was dying, which obliged me to start instantly for home, without even an opportunity of apprising you. Christie, that night I spent fifty miles away from the island. She gasped for breath, grew deadly pale, and

sunk into a chair. "Christie! Christie! do you not believe

She lifted her eyes, There was truth in her face, and with the wild flash of sudden joy "I do! I do! I do! Oh, Willard, thank God for this! Thank God that you never raised your hand against my life!"

" Christie!" "Forgive me! forgive me! Oh, my hus-

band, forgive me! But on that night, that awful night, I was met on the beach and stabbed by a man."

"Heavens and earth, and you thought it was "Willard! Willard! forgive me! But oh, what else could I think? You appointed the meeting. I went, was met there by a tall man, stabbed by him, and left for dead on the

"And you could belive I could do such a deed. Oh, Christie! Christie!" he said, with bitter reproach.

"Oh, how could I help it? How could I help it? The thought was maddening; but how could I think otherwise? Say, only say, you forgive me, Willard?"

"I forgive you, Christie; but you have far the most to forgive. What a strange, fathomless mystery all this is? Who was this man,

"I do not know! I have no idea! Oh! I thought I had not an enemy in the wide

"Is there no clue? is there no means by which you could recognize him again?"

"None! none! you forget the storm; the darkness; the deep darkness of that night." "True! but Heavens! what am I thinking of?" he said, starting up wildly. "Why do linger an instant here, when it is in my power to save Sybil from the ignominious death of the halter?"

" What !" As if a mine had exploded beneath her. Christie sprung up, with blanched face, starting eyes, clenched hands, and livid lips, gazing upon him in speechless horror. "Christie, she was arrested, tried, con

demned, and doomed to die, for your mur-"For mine! Father in Heaven!" gasped

the almost fainting Christie.
"It may not be too late to save her yet, You must come with me, Christie. Hasten hasten! Every moment is precious now. "Oh, this is awful! awful! Oh, Willard!

when does this most unnatural sentence take place? "The day after to-morrow. With all our speed we will be barely able to reach the

'Most horrible!" said Christie, with a con-"How came she ever to be vulsive shudder. suspected of such a deed."

"Oh, there was a damning chain of circum-

stantial evidence, strong enough to convict an angel from above. I have no time to tell you now; on our way I will tell you all. Merciful Heaven! if we should be too late." "I will go instantly! I will be ready in a moment," said Christie, wildly, as she hur-

riedly threw on her wrappings.
"But not in this storm, Christie. Does thee not hear how it rages?" anxiously said Uncle Reuben, who all this time had been a silent, wondering listener. "Thee must not

"Oh, I must! I must! the life of a fellowcreature tying on her large mantle with trembling

Willard Drummond paused for a moment in little figure before him. But the thought of Sybil in peril-of that dreadful death-steeled his heart against every other feeling. "She must be saved, let what will follow,"

he mentally exclaimed. "Thee will never be able to make thy way through this storm, Christie," said Reuben, rising in still-increasing anxiety: "in thy delicate state of health, too. Listen to the a sharp, keen pang piercing through his heart

wind and rain."

"Thee will never survive this night, if thee ventures out," said Uncle Reuben, solemnly

'What matters it? My life is worthless, so hers is saved," she said, with sorrowful bitter Willard Drummond's heart smote him; and

some of the old love revived in his heart that moment for poor Christie. 'Christie, thee will perish with fatigue."

shall live, to save Sybil Campbell. I feel it; an inward voice tells me so. "Then thee is determined to go?" said Uncle

Duty calls me. Dear Uncle "I must. "Will thee ever come back, little Christie?"

Reuben, sorrowfully.

"As Heaven wills! I fear not. But-Undo not you will come to see me die."
"Oh, dearest Christie!" His honest voice

choked, and he stopped. "Good-by, Bertha. Kiss Christie once

She put her arms around the neck of the maniac, whose eyes were fixed wistfully on her face. "Going away?" she said, in a tone thoughts to heed the flight of time. of vague surprise. 'Yes, dearest friend; and if I never come

back, you must not quite forget me.' "Christie! Christie! my wife! my injured, long-suffering wife, do not talk so! I cannot bear it!" said Willard Drummond, passionately; for every word of that sorrowful parting had been like a dagger to his heart.

She came over with the old, trusting love of happier times, when that love first filled her heart, and clasping her hands on his sickly glimmer of light along the wet, slippery shoulder, she dropped her face on them, and path. softly murmured

"Dearest Willard! it is better so. I am "Dearest Willard! it is better so. I am ing his head, with a deep sigh of relief. "This not afraid to die now, after what I have heard has been the longest night I have ever known." to-night. And-do not be hurt, dearest love happy with her-with Sybil; and I-I will pray for you both; and love you both in day more between her and an ignominious death."

"Oh, Christie! Oh, my wife!" he cried, clasping her in his arms, with a passionate cry; "am I only to realize the treasure I have lost, when it is too late.

"Not too late, Willard; if it will help to ing her. make you a better, a holier man; it is not too late. There are many happy days for you, "Wretch, wretch, that I have been!" he groaned, in bitter grief. "Why was I doomed to bring misery and death on all who ever

loved me?" "Oh, Willard, hush! You break my heart!" said Christie, lifting her golden head off his breast. "You must not talk in that wild look at me with such frightened, anxious way. And we are losing time staying here, eyes: it is nothing." when every second is more precious than untold gold," she added, starting up. "Come,

While she spoke, Uncle Reuben, who had passed out unobserved, re-entered

"Good-by, once more, Uncle Reuben," said Christie, "we are going.

"Not 'good-by,' yet, little Christie. I will go with you to Newport." "But, Uncle Reuben, there is no necessity.

I know the way." And did thee think, little one, I was going to let thee walk that distance in this pelting storm?" said Uncle Reuben, with a sad, grave

smile. "No; it is not quite so bad as that. Thee will ride in the donkey-cart until we reach Newport." Then you have such a conveyance?" said fully.

Willard, eagerly. "Thank Heaven! for that. In it you will at least be saved the fatigue of walking, Christie. "But how can you leave Bertha, Uncle

Reuben?" "I will lock the door, and Bertha will go to

bed—will thee not, Bertha?" The maniac nodded, and still wistfully watched Christie, as though some faint impression that she was going to lose her was forcing its way through her clouded brain.

For the first time, Willard turned his eyes upon her, and gave a violent start, as he recognized the well-known spectral face.

Who is she?" he asked, in breathless sur-In a few brief words, Christie gave him to understand how it had happened he had seen

And then, drawing her arm within his, Willard led her from the house, followed by Uncle Reuben. Christie took her place in the humble little

her on the isle.

donkey-cart, and cowered down to avoid the pelting rain.

"Thee had better get in, too, being wounded, and weak from loss of blood, thee knows," said Uncle Reuben to Willard. "I will walk and drive. "Not at all. Do you imagine I would ride while you walked? I am not weak; I feel

"That is only excitement, friend; it will not last. Thee had better get in."
But Willard peremptorily refused, and took

his place on the other side of the little cart. Seeing it was in vain to urge him, the old man allowed the animal to start. And Chris tie raised for a moment her bowed head, to cast one last, sorrowful glance at the little, solated, forest cot she was never destined to see again. They turned an abrupt angle, the night and darkness shut it from her view, and

That night-ride through the forest-with the wind wailing eerily in long, lamentable lard seated himself near the fire, and fell once blasts through the waving arms of the trees, more into a painful reverie, from which the with the rain driving in blinding gusts in their faces, with the pall of almost Egyptian chair for her beside his own, and sinking into it, darkness around, above, and on every hand! That night-ride! sleeping or waking, in after days, alone or in the gayest assembly, it would wet from her dripping hair. rise like a haunting vision before the eyes of Willard Drummond: and the little howed shadowy figure crouching silently in a corner of the wagon, would awaken in his heart feelings of undying remorse. That night-ride Christie even to swallow a cup of coffee. All the great wrong he had done that little, bowed form, from whose gentle lips no word of re- to reach Newport?" said Willard to their host, proach ever fell, from whose loving eyes no acdismay, to listen to the storm howling through the trees, and glanced at the frail, fragile array before him, until he felt as if he could man; "I'm going there myself in an hour. never encounter the gaze of those earnest, soul-lit orbs again—felt, as he walked beside her, as much out of his sphere as a lost soul

might feel before the gates of Heaven Then by a natural transition, his thoughts went straying out to the future—to Sybil. She was lost to him now, as much as though she were dead and in her grave. There was for one moment, at the thought; the next, a Oh! I hear it! I hear it! But though more generous feeling filled it, and he felt as it rained fire from Heaven, I should have to go." if he could joyfully give her up to save her go." his determination was, to depart with his little drooping girl-wife to some far-off southern clime-to some sunny village in France, or Italy, where the more genial climate would restore her to health, and where the wretched past would be forever unknown. There he and attention, for all he had ever made her suffer, and forget Sybil. But that name, as usual, woke a host of tender, sorrowful memo-"Oh no; I'll not. This inward strength ries, and something akin to despair again re will sustain me. I will live, I must live, I placed every other feeling in his tortured mind placed every other feeling in his tortured mind. Truly, in the keen suffering of that moment he realized what Divine Retribution is. And so on-still on, through the chill, bleak night, the driving, plashing rain, the sighing,

moaning wind, the dark, desolate forest-road our weary, silent trio wound their lonely way. Not a word was spoken from the moment he said, holding the little hand she extended starting. Christie, bowed, collapsed, shuddering, cowered in the bottom of the rude cart. her white, thin face hidden in her whiter, thin cle Reuben—dear, good Uncle Reuben—if I ner hands. Uncle Reuben, urging on the stumbling donkey to his utmost speed, and now and then turning to see that "Little Christie" was safe, or to glance at the tall, dark figure walking opposite. And Willard Drummond, with his hat drawn down over his brows, muffled in his cloak, strode on with bowed head, too absorbed in his own bitter And so the long, silent night lingered and

lingered, and the dripping forest road was passed at last; and they passed, at intervals, left. gloomy - looking farm-houses, whose inmates the melancholy journey was continued until morning, wan, cold, and gray, lifted its dead, last, and strove to while away the tedious hours dull face from the mantle of night, and cast a | in conversing with Christie.

"Morning at last," said Uncle Reuben, lift-

"Yes, morning," said Willard Drummond, but I have no wish to live. You will be looking up bitterly at the dull, leaden sky; "and we so far from Westport yet. Only one

Uncle Reuben looked at him a moment, and then at the bowed form in the cart, with a look of calm reproach

Is thee tired, Christie?" he said, approach

She lifted her head, disclosing a face so white and haggard, so worn with fatigue; started back in grief and alarm,

"Oh, little Christie! I knew this journey

would kill thee!" said Uncle Reuben, with a

"I feel a little tired, that is all," she said,

"Thee is deadly pale, Christie."
"I am cold," she said, with a shiver; "no-

"And wet through," said Uncle Reuben, sorrowfully. "We must stop at the first house we meet, and get some dry clothes and some breakfast."

"No, no, you must not stop; there is no time to lose. Pray, go on," said Christie, in alarm.
"Thee must take time," said Uncle Reuben, firmly, looking straight at Willard. will hardly live to see Westport, else. Does thee want to die a suicide, Christie?"

"He speaks truly, dearest—we must stop at the nearest farm-house," said Willard, bend-"My poor Christie, you do indeed look jaded to death," he added, sorrow

"It is nothing, Willard. If I only reach Westport in time, I care for nothing el But I do, Christie. I want you after that to hurry and get well, and come with me to Italy, to far-off, beautiful Italy, where our lives will be happy as a fairy-tale.

She lifted her large, lustrous, blue eyes to his face, with a long, steady gaze, the calm, clear, far-seeing gaze of a soul lingering on the verge of eternity. How plainly those mournful eyes said, "Too late—too late!" But she did not speak, she only smiled faintly, and then sunk wearily back, with head shrouded in her mantle once more.

The white hands of morning were now fast pushing aside the clouds of night. As they went on, they encountered one or two laborers, with spades on their shoulders, going to their daily toil, who stared at them with lack luster eyes, as if they thought them ghosts. At the end of half an hour, they reached a comfortable-looking farm-house, and alighted at the outer gate. Willard lifted Christie out in his arms, while Uncle Reuben kept off the dogs that ran out, barking noisily, with his whip. The noise brought the farmer himself to the door, who, noticing the drooping form of Christie, and the pale, worn faces of her ompanions, cordially invited them to enter. There was a bright, cheerful fire blazing on

the ample hearth, and a woman bending over the strength of ten men within me, urging me it, preparing breakfast. As she placed a chair for Christie, into which the young girl dropped, totally exhausted, Willard drew her aside, and placing his purse in her hands, said: "My good woman, you perceive the young

lady's clothes are wet through. Will you be good enough to take her to your room, and furnish her with some dry ones? "Yes, sir, I'm sure I'll be glad to help her; poor, young thing! I've got some will jest about fit her," said the woman, with a sym-

pathizing look.

Willard whispered a few words in the ear with a long, shivering sigh, she bent her head of Christie, who arose and followed the wotie's size took charge of the breakfast. more into a painful reverie, from which the return of Christie aroused him. He placed a

she dropped her weary little head on his shoulder, while the young girl began wringing the Breakfast was soon smoking on the table and the three wavfarers took seats: but much as they needed food, this errand had effectually taken away their appetite, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could prevail upon

"Can you furnish me with a horse and gig as they arose from the table. "Yes, you can come with me," replied the

"What time will we be in Newport?" said Willard, anxiously. "Little after noon."
"And if we take fresh horses immediately,

we can reach Westport before morning, can "Oh, yes, very easy; travel all night, and you'll be there by three in the morning. S'pose you're going with everybody else to see the woman executed, eh? Lord bless me! what's the matter with her?" said the man, in dismay, as Christie, with a loud, inexpressible

cry, hid her face in her hands. Nothing! nothing!" said Willard, hurriedly, and with a face perfectly colorless. "What time-at what hour, I mean, does this execu-

tion take place?" "Nine in the morning; has to be early on account of the mob. Nobody ever heard tell would endeavor to atone, by his devoted care of such a slew of people as will be there. "Most as many as at the Day of Judgment."

Can you not start right away?" "No, couldn't before an hour. "Is there any other conveyance to be hired near? "No, there isn't," said the man, shortly;

everybody wants their own to take them selves there. If it's to see her hung you want, you'll be plenty time when I start. There was no help for it, and Willard and his equally impatient companions were obliged to wait almost two hours before the farmer was ready to start. Then he and his wife mounted on the front seat, Willard and Chris-

his neck, Christie bade Uncle Reuben a last "Good-by, little Christie!" he said, sorrow fully. "Good-by, and God bless thee! I will

tie sat behind, and throwing her arms around

come to see thee some day soon."

And then good Uncle Reuben entered his donkey-cart, and turned his sad face toward the lonesome forest cot, doubly lonesome now. And Christie, shrinking closer to Willard, laid her tired head on his arm, too weary and exhausted even to weep for the friend she had

The farmer, who had no intention of injurwere still asleep, and whose only greeting to ing his horse by fast driving, went plodding our weary travelers was the noisy barking of at a jog-trot onward, in spite of Willard's their watch-dogs as they passed on. And so furious demands to drive fast. Inwardly curs-

Slowly and somewhat incoherently he learned from her all the events of that night, and of her after-life in the cottage and her motives in remaining there.

And you were willing to remain in that isolated place all your life, that I might marry Sybil Campbell, my poor Christie?" with a pang of deepest remorse. "And so you loved me still, even believing me guilty?" "Oh, Willard! did you think for one mowife!" he groaned, pressing her closer to his Westport.

know. I want to hear it from your own lips. Answer me truly as you hope for salvation. Do you love Sybil Campbell?"

"Oh, Christie, I do! I do! Better than life,

better than my soul's salvation! Better than my hopes of heaven do I love her!" he exclaim-

ed, passionately.

"It is well," she said, folding her hands, with a slight shiver. "Thank God for the boon of death!"

"But, Christie, I will forget her; you are my wife. I will go far away where I will never see her more!" he said, recalled to him-"By devoting my life to you, I will try to atone for all I have made you suffer, sweet

"It will not be necessary, Willard! dearest, best Willard! Can you not see I am dying?"
"Christie!" he cried out, in alarm.

"I mean that my days are numbered, and, Willard, I am happy. I only wish for life long enough to save Sybil."

"Tell me all that has happened to you and to all my friends, since that night."

And then he began, and related all; his father's death, the shock he received on hearing of her murder, of his departure to Europe with the Campbells, of their return and their marriage. At this point he could feel a slight shudder run through the frame of Christie; but when he spoke of the unlooked for inter-ruption, and of Sybil's being carried off to prison, and of her condemnation, she trembled so convulsively that he was forced to stop.
"Oh, poor Sybil!" she said, passionately.

"Oh, Willard! her fate was worse than mine. What is suffering of any kind compared with the shame—the overwhelming disgrace—of that trial, exposed to the merciless eyes of hundreds? And that I should in any way be the cause? Oh, Willard! it is dreadful!"

She wept so violently that he was alarmed.
"My own dear Christie, be calm!" he said, othingly. "Consider that you are now going to save her life."

Still she wept on until her overcharged heart was relieved; and then, worn out in mind and body, she fell fast asleep on his shoul-

Early in the afternoon they reached Newport, which they found crowded with stranger on their way to Westport.

Leaving Christie in a hotel, Willard went to seek for a fast horse to take them to town; but, to his dismay, he found that every vehicle in the village was already engaged. Nearly insane with wild impatience, he offered enormous sums for a horse; but, as the stern "Impossible!" rose against all his demands, he was forced to return to the hotel in a state bordering on frenzy, and offer the farmer with whom he had come the price of a dozen horses, if he would only surrender the gig to him and let

Carried away by the young man's distracted words and manner, he at last consented; and causing Christie to be wrapped up in a large, warm shall, to protect her from the night-air, he lifted her in, took his seat beside her, and

dashed off at a break-neck pace.

Not a word was spoken, as Willard, urging the animal to its utmost, almost flew over the ground. The few remaining hours of daylight passed, and night fell dark and starless. still on, he urged the reeking, foaming, panting beast. They were still far from Westport —scarcely more than half-way—and the short night would soon be gone. Each time the tired animal would halt, panting for a moment, the vision of Sybil in her prison-cell, waiting for death, would rise before him until, nearly mad with impatience, he would mercilessly lash the poor brute on to greater speed.

the rate at which they were going two or three hours, bring them to Westport, chievous blue eyes at her handsome, lazy couthe animal, completely exhausted, dropped to sin ground, unable to proceed another step. With a furious imprecation, Willard sprung out and strove to assist him to his feet, but in The horse was totally unable even to the wagon, while a feeling of utter despair filled his heart. Their distance from Westportthe few intervening hours—the impossibility ling young widow of procuring another horse—the awful peril of

"All is lost, Christie—all is lost!" he said, in a voice so altered that she scarcely knew it. "The horse is driven to death, and in ten short hours Sybil dies!"

'Heaven help us!" said Christie, wringing her pale hands. "Willard, we must walk."
"Walk!" he repeated, bitterly. "Before
the end of the first mile your fate would be similar to his." And he touched the animal with his foot.

Try me-try me!" said Christie, springing "Heaven will give me strength in this hour. Oh, Willard, hasten!"

With a speed as great as it was unnatural, Christie started forward; and Willard, with a last despairing effort accompanied her, expecting every moment to see her fictitious strength give way. But no! it was as if a new spirit had entered that slight frame—for as she nevcould have walked in her days of perfect health and strength, she walked now: never for one moment faltering, until the first dawn of morning grew red in the sky. But with its first blush Willard felt the faint hope that had hitherto buoyed him up die entirely away. Walk as they might, he felt it would be high

noon before they could reach Westport. "It is all useless, Christie," he said, pausing "It is no use trying—we can never

"We will save her-we shall save her!" exclaimed Christie, with a strange kind of exultation. "Hark!" she added, "do you not hear a carriage approaching?"

Even as she spoke, a cloud of dust arose, and the thunder of wheels was heard rapidly ap-

Willard sprung forward to intercept the

driver, and saw a large country wagon nearly filled with people

"Can you take us to Westport? Our errand is one of life and death!" Something in Willard's tone startled the man; but, after a moment's stare, he re-

Lifting Christie in first, he took his seat be- early train to-morrow." side her, and again dashed off. Hasten-hasten! for the love of God!"

cried Willard, passionately. I'll do my best," said the man. "I want Her face and figure, I presume, correspond in time for the execution any way." On they fled. Mile after mile was passed; but, you called her Beatrix?"

ment I could cease to love you?" she answered, to the excited mind of Willard, they seemed fervently. "It was because I loved you so well I wished to see you happy with Sybil." going at a snail's pace. Did the sun ever rise so rapidly on any morning before as it did on that? Eight o'clock, and still ten miles from

"Faster-faster! A thousand-two thou-"But, Willard, there is one thing I want to sand—three thousand dollars, if we only reach Westport before nine," shouted Willard, almost maddened. "A human life depends on —I have a reprieve."

"Hooray!" shouted the boy who drove. "If stop the execution.'

in great beads on his forehead, away they flew, and ten minutes before nine rushed furiously cence.

The streets were crowded—blocked up with near the jail they beheld the scaffold, and a sight which seemed to paralyze the very life in their hearts. For there, with the sheriff and a group of her immediate friends, stood Sybil Campbell, whiter than the dead, robed for death, cold, still and rigid.

A deep, awe-struck silence had fallen over the vast crowd—a silence more terrible than Something in her tone checked the words he was going to say, and both relapsed into silence, broken at last by her saying:

the wildest shouts could have been. Raising the white handkerchief, the boy waved it in the air, shouting wildly: "A reprieve—a reprieve!" and drove furiously right through the startled throng, heedless of those he trampled

down in his way.

The multitude took up the cry, and "A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!" rung out, gathering force as it went, until, from a low, hoarse shout, it rose to a wild, triumphal song, that rung to the very heavens.

And on, on through the waving sea of human beings they drove, until they reached the scaffold; and then rising to her feet, the thun-derstruck spectators beheld the pale, beautiful face of the long-lost Christie!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 243.)



FAREWELL.

BY JOHNNIE DABB.

So, this is the end of the bright, bright dream,
That so long has bound us together,
Through all the varied scenes of life
In sunshine and stormy weather.

'Tis past, and the love I have felt for you I know I shall ne'er feel again, For, better were death, than'to find you false, And to wake to this bitter pain.

Still I wish you no evil, no word of mine
Shall add to your sorrow here.
But, if as you glide down the path of time,
You sigh for a word of cheer,

Perhaps you'll think of the hearts you left,
Of those who had loved you well,
But who how look upon yon as one who's dead,
So, farewell—a long farewell.

Wouldn't Marry a Widow.

BY COUSIN MADGE.

"WARREN, I do not believe you mean half

what you say."
"You may believe what you like, my dear coz, but I repeat, I would not marry a widow, if there were not another woman in creation."
And Mr. Warren Brinton stretched his five feet eleven of manhood in a more comfortable position on the grass at his cousin's feet.

"Not if she were young, handsome and ri—A thousand pardons—I will not insult your royal highness by saying rich. Of course, riches are not to be considered when speaking of the future Mrs. Warren Brinton. All for But just as he was beginning to hope that love and the world well lost, eh, Warren?" said Kate Dayrose, looking down with mis-

"Yes, all for love," repeated Mr. Brinton, thoughtfully. But thoughtfulness was not Warren Brinton's forte; and with a yawn he said: "How you bore me with this subject, For one moment Willard leaned against Kate! It seems to me all you think of when I come here is love and widows."

"Well. I know such a beautiful, dear, dar-'There, that will do! I agree with all you

Sybil, struck a chill like that of death to his say. She is beautiful, superb—at a distance; and just leave her there, if you please, my dear little coz "Oh, but I love her so much, Warren!

Darling Beatrix! and she is coming-"Not here! For Heaven's sake, don't say she is coming here, Kate!" and Warren Brin-

ton sat bolt upright, in spite of his habitual "I am deucedly fond of this place, although you are enough to— There, politeness forbids me continuing; but, leaving all jokes aside, Kate, if that widow is coming here, I'll order

my baggage packed, and be off in the next "Why, Warren, one would think you had been jilted by some handsome young widow to hear you talk!"

"Thank fortune, I never gave any of them a chance," answered Mr. Brinton, twisting the ends of his blonde mustache. "It is all very well for you to talk, Kate; but I've seen to much of it. Look at our mutual friend. Charlie Wallace: what a nice time he is having, being reminded at every turn of dear, dead Number One! It is all very nice to be made love to, for I think love-making an awful bore; but when it comes to making a fellow marry, in spite of himself- Well, it won't be I-not if I know myself; and I think I do." And Mr. Brinton, after delivering this lengthy speech, sunk back in his old position, appar-

Kate looked very serious; but a close observer might notice a merry twinkle in the lepths of her blue eyes as she said: "Mr. Warren Brinton, if you had left your conceit and slang in the city, I think there would have been very little left of you to honor our 'Saved!" she cried, joyfully. "Praised be rural retreat; however, as we have you here, we must do all in our power to keep you, so you may rest easy with the blessed assurance that no widow shall come to harm you.

Warren gave a sigh of relief, and Kate re-

"Yes, I did," answered Kate, with eyes Kate. bent upon the grass, "but it is too late now. | night?" I suppose Jerushy Jemimy will be here by the

Warren Brinton looked aghast. "Jerushy Jemimy? Good heavens, Kate, your name is bad-plain enough, but-Jerushy Jemimy! with her name? But really, Kate, I thought

distance from here; but Jerushy Jemimy Jenkins is a sweet girl, though not at all pretty— at least I don't think so; no blush, kind of whitish, you know, and staring eyes. I suppose you would call her as homely as a 'stone wall'—" sealed?" thought mean it, Kate?" "I really do n

"Hush, Kate, for Heaven's sake; and if you ever Sultan went, he'll have to go it now. have the least particle of regard left for my Here's my stick: tie your handkerchief on it feelings, you will not present me. Jerushy

Here's my stick: tie your handkerchief on it to hoist when we get into the town, and they'll stop the execution."

Lashing his horse until the perspiration stood

Warren. Three J's—it is perfectly splendid!"

Warren. Three J's—it is perfectly splendid!"

"Warren, when will you get over your good-for-nothingness? Kate, why do you repeople—a boundless sea of human beings! And main here, talking nonsense to that lazy fel-

> Warren Brinton raised himself on his elbow, and looking very solemn, said: "Ed, what do you think of this for a name? -Jerushy-Jemimy-Jenkins!"

Ed Carlton laughed heartily-more at the xpression of Warren's face than the name.
"There's no occasion for that look of hor-

or," said Ed. "'What's in a name?' quoth Shakspeare!" Lillian was about to ask Warren where he

nad heard that outlandish name, but Kate had no idea of allowing her to be inquisitive; and rising, she said: "Come, Lillian, I have something to show you before we begin to dress for dinner. We will leave the gentlemen to enjoy About half an hour after the above conver-

sation, a carriage rolled up the broad avenue eading to the Dayrose mansion. A young lady alighted, and was received in the arms of Kate and hurried triumphantly up-stairs before any one had time to notice the arrival.

"Indeed, Kate, I cannot: do not ask me! This appeal came in tremulous tones from the window, where a young lady stood waiting for Kate to put the finishing touches on her

A handsome young creature she was, with a tall, graceful figure, pearly-white complexion, with dark, luminous eyes and an abundance of dark-brown hair.

"Lillian!" exclaimed Kate, turning to her cousin, who had just entered the room, in full dinner-dress, "come and coax her, will you? Here, she wants to spoil all our fun."
"Oh, no, she won't," said Lillian; and for-

getting all about her puffs and flounces, she caught the young lady in her arms. "You dear, good darling, you will do just as Kate tells you; and, oh, what a time we shall have when they find it out! It will be the best joke

"Miss Jenkins, permit me to present Mr.

Mr. Carlton went through the form of introduction, but for a moment he forgot his good manners and actually stared at the beautiful owner of that horrible name. "Ivory complexion and luminous eyes; just Brinton's style of beauty, by Jove!" mentally ejaculated Ed Carlton. Where is Warren?"

"Gone across the river, with Mr. Davis. They will not get back for a couple of hours "How provoking!" muttered Kate, as din-

"Hark! did you ever hear such a voice?"

and Warren Brinton took his everlasting cigar from between his lips, and listened to the beautiful melody that floated out upon the evening air, through the open windows of the brilliantly-lighted parlors. 'I wonder who it can be?" said Will Davis,

as the voice died out and seemed carried away upon the breeze. "By Jove, I could listen to that singing forever!" exclaimed Warren Brinton, throwing

I did not know they had such a gazed at Miss Jenkins. nightingale in these parts." There were twenty persons or more assembled in the Dayrose parlors; but the young

them, to the two gentlemen just entering. Again the voice rose, sweet and clear. Will Davis crossed over to where Kate was tanding; but Warren stood in the shadow of the doorway, spell-bound, watching the beautiful songstress. Never before had he seen such grace and beauty; or, if he had, never before was he affected by them. The great luminous

lady at the piano was the only stranger among

eyes—eyes whose dark depth spoke of early prrow, wandered once in his direction, and went straight to his heart. "A thousand thanks," said Mr. Carlton.
"Beautifully sung," commended Lillian, with warmth, as the young lady rose from Brinton.'

Warren Brinton arrived at his cousin's side just in time to hear Will Davis say: "Before we go any further, Miss Dayrose, present me to yonder songstress." Warren looked ready to share the honor; but Kate, without taking the slightest notice of him, took Mr Davis proffered arm, saying, with the sweetest smile:

Most willingly. Warren Brinton bit his lips with vexation. He tried to catch the name as Kate presented Will Davis; but it was spoken too low, and with a frown he crossed over to the open window and stepped out on the balcony.

"Why. Warren, what in the world are you doing out here? Turned star-gazer?'

"Miss Dayrose, I have often thought you rude, when we were alone, but I never thought a cousin of mine-a lady-could be guilty such a breach of etiquette in the presence of

others. Kate Dayrose's silvery laugh rung out upon the air. Mr. Brinton was turning away in high indignation; but Kate laid her hand on

"I beg pardon, Warren. I really didn't mean to laugh; but I'm struck comical—excuse the slang; I learned it from you. But, how did you ever manage to say all that in one breath, and look so dignified, too? So my handsome cousin is capable of something more than small talk and flirtation-there now, Warren, indeed I do not wish to indulge in a quarrel to-night. Tell me in what way I have been so very rude, and I will try and make mained very thoughtful.

"Oh, by-the-by, Kate! didn't you expect an amends for it," said Kate, penitently,

"I think there is no need of my telling you. Why did you not present me to-

"Because I thought it would displease you, sir; with all my rudeness I generally do as I am told," answered Kate, saucily. "Thought it would displease me? What are

you trying to say, Kate! "Simply this: Mr. Warren Brinton strictly enjoined me this afternoon, not to introduce

Brinton felt dreadfully uncomfortable. the deuce can't Kate say something, instead of standing here with her lips as if they were sealed?" thought Warren. "You really don't

"I really do mean it, Warren." "But, you know it will look so queer, sitting at the same table, and all that sort of thing."

"I don't see anything queer about it," answered Kate, decidedly.

"How stupid you are, eoz. Don't you see—
oh, confound it all. Come, Kate, if you have

no objection, I wish to be presented."

Drawing his cousin's arm through his, they entered the parlor; and Warren Brinton was his easy, elegant self once more. "Miss Jenkins, allow me to present my cou-

sin, Mr. Warren Brinton. Warren, this is Jerushy Jemimy Jenkins whom you have heard me speak of so often."

"Why need Kate repeat that horrible name in full," thought Warren. But, as he looked down on the sweet face be

fore him, he thought, "Shakspeare must be right after all;" and as he listened to the sweet oice he felt the blood tingle in his veins as it had never done before, and Warren Brinton knew he was in love—head and heels in love, as Kate expressed it, with—Jerushy Jemimy Jenkins.

Weeks rolled away, and the summer months were drawing to a close, when, one moonlight night, while out for a promenade on the lawn, Warren Brinton asked Miss Jenkins to be his

The little hand he held in his warm clasp turned cold as ice, and the quivering lids drooped over the sorrowful dark eyes.

'Say yes, my darling, and make me the happiest of men."
"Oh, I cannot! Do not ask me! I must have time; and in a few days when you know all, Warren, I am sure you will despise me."
"Despise you, my love! Never! Nothing

in this world, if I can prevent it, will come between us.' So Warren pleaded, but Miss Jenkins was

esolved, and he was obliged to submit. "What ails you to-day, Warren?" exclaimed Kate, as she captured Warren in the porch late in the afternoon of the day following the pro-

Miss Jenkins had not left her room all day, and Warren haunted the house and grounds like a restless spirit.

"I hope you are not going to wind up the season by getting the blues. It was only today I was saying, that you must have found great attraction here, this season, for you never remained so long before. But, perhaps it is because I kept that awful widow from com-

ing—eh, coz?"
"Do go away, Kate, and find some other victim. Where's Davis?" "Quarreling again, for recreation sake, I suppose," said Lillian, stepping out on the porch, followed by Mr. Carlton.

"Now I want to ask you a fair question, Warren," said Kate, looking very serious. "Supposing you knew a nice, handsome young widow, just like Jerushy Jemimy Jenkins—"
"We will suppose nothing of the kind," said Warren, coldly, at the same time wincing at the name. It was an invariable rule with Kate

and Lillian to give Miss Jenkins her full name when speaking to Warren.
"But, supposing she acted just like her, and

was just like her?" persisted Kate.
"I assure you, Miss Dayrose, it would be an utter impossibility for any one to be just like Miss Jenkins. Your favorite widow might try to act like her, but it would only be a piece of acting, after all; and you may rest assured

I would not be deceived by it.' "Speak of an angel—here comes Jerushy Jemimy Jenkins herself. Come out here, my dear, and sit down beside me," said Lillian,

Miss Jenkins came out, looking paler than usual, and took the proffered seat. "I would like to see the widow that could away his freshly-lighted cigar. "Come let us look like her!" thought Mr. Brinton, as he

"I hope I have not interrupted your conversation," said Miss Jenkins. "Oh, no; we were trying to mope ourselve to death," rejoined Kate.

"Come, let us talk about widows-for a change. This was too much for Lillian and Ed, and they burst into a fit of laughter; but Warren rewarded Kate with a scowl, and would have walked away, but for the attraction that sat

opposite. Are you aware that my brother is dreadfully opposed to widows, Jerushy?" exclaimed

"I should hope not," answered Miss Jenkins, fixing her dark eyes on Warren. "They are a poor, persecuted set, and have enough to contend with, without the enmity of Mr.

Warren was about to speak, but he could not answer that sweet voice in the manner he would Kate; so he simply said: "I see they have hoodwinked you, too, Miss Jenkins, with their pretty airs and graces."
"Oh, no, indeed!" answered Miss Jenkins;

'but I wonder why it is that there is always a wrong construction placed upon a widow's Here the conversation was interrupted by a young man, who had dismounted from his orse, and came hurrying up the steps.
"Is Mrs. Beatrix Emerson here? Ah, I beg

pardon for intruding, madam," he said, respectfully, addressing Miss Jenkins. Ed Carlton opened his brown eyes in wonder; and Warren Brinton fairly rose from his

seat, and stared-first at the new-comer, and then at Miss Jenkins. He had called Miss Jenkins Mrs. Reatrix Emerson! Surely there must be some mistake.

why did not Miss Jenkins correct him, instead of extending her hand for that letter? "It came a little while ago, madam, and as knew you were expecting it, I saddled the

horse and rode over with it myself. "Thank you, Sam; I will not forget your kindness." And Sam took his departure, without the slightest idea of the astonishment he Ed Carlton looked over at Lillian, and guess-

ed the truth at once. He tried hard to keep from laughing, as he saw poor Kate grasp a friendly book that was lying near, and pretend to be deep in its contents. After the first shock was over, Warren

Brinton recognized the true state of affairs; Miss Jenkins, and Beatrix, the charming young widow, were one and the same person. there she sat, quietly reading her letter-this widow that he had dreaded meeting, and whom Kate was everlastingly plaguing him about. How handsome she was, and, oh, how silly all his petty speeches about widows seemed to him now!

To use his own elegant allegorical language, his royal highness to such an humble indivi- he had been "sold-sold badly," from begin-

"My dear Warren, you are getting things mixed up, as you express it. Beatrix is the widow. Of course I cannot think of sending for her now; you know she lives but a short duplet of the now; you know she lives but a short duplet of the now; you know she lives but a short duplet of the now; you know she lives but a short duplet of the next move, and determining to end; but, as excitement was something foreign to Mr. Warren Brinton's nature, he settled himself on the rustic bench, waiting patiently for the next move, and determining foreign to Mr. Warren Brinton's nature, he settled himself on the rustic bench, waiting patiently for the next move, and determining in his own mind not to let Kate have it all her

own way.
"Why can't Warren say something, instead
of looking so awful white and indifferent?"

there was no answer.

dacious self once more. "Anyway, if you are, I don't care; only don't blame Beatrix, for it's all my doings. You know, my dear coz, you threatened to go away if the widow came; and, as I could not

do without my darling Trixy, nor likewise my darling Warren, I was obliged to adopt

Mr. Brinton smiled and stroked his blonde

Beatrix Emerson rose, and offering her

"I fear the part I have played will not tend to raise widows in your estimation, Mr. Brinton; but I sincerely trust that you will not think for a moment that I have enjoyed my-

self at your expense. Warren did not think so; and as he took the little hand in his, and looked at the sweet face before him, he knew that he loved the widow

said, with a laugh:
"Well, I can't help thinking how strange it all is. You are the lady I have been longing to

bound to have you here; but I see she has not proved herself half the girl I took her for." "Well, if that isn't too horrible! Hear him, Lillian! Well, never mind, Warren; it might

have been worse, you know; if Beatrix is a widow, Mrs. Beatrix Brinton will sound ever so much more euphonious than Mrs. Jerushy Jemimy Jenkins Brinton."

the laugh this speech created.
"Why, my dear, simple-minded little country cousin, I have only been fooling you all along, when I told you I wouldn't marry a

It is needless to say Kate did not believe a word of it.

Self-conquest is no elfin-gift
Found in a midnight airing—
Yet Fanny airy notes could lift
For one not more despairing.

And so it seemed a cruel wave
That bore our Fanny from us,
To lay her in an ocean grave—
And grief was sore upon us.

A little hour we wept our loss, When the Death angel kissed her; But now how radiant is the gloss That wings our scraph-sister!

We see her image in the west 'Mid sunset clouds so glorious; We fain would share the sapphire rest In that dear roalm, victorious,

The Letter-Box.

church with another young lady when he has an escort of his own waiting?!

If, by "escort of his own," you mean a lady whom he has escorted to church, he certainly should not think of attending any other lady home until he has made proper arrangements with his charge and provide dher with some other company. Or, if there is some one young lady whom he is in the habit of waiting upon it would not be proper to leave her to wait while he escorted another lady home unless he intended to end by such a slight, his past friendship. It would be quite proper for a gentleman, with his lady and with her consent, to offer to see a lady home under their escort.

M. J. T. (Troy, N. Y.) writes: "While skating one of my straps broke, very near-y causing me to fall. A gentleman caught me and epaired the accident as well as he could. He was

ut we would advise you to let the matter drop

MATRIMONIAL writes:

"Are mock-marriages wrong? Could a gentleman, marrying a lady by a mock ceremony, have any claims upon her in the future?"

Mock marriages are wrong because it is treating with jest a solemn and sacred ceremony; and they are supremely foolish, often leading to the most unpleasant results. In some States a mock marriage is quite as valid as a real one; all that is necessary to constitute marriage, according to law, being an acknowledgment, in the presence of witnesses, by the lady and gentleman marrying a lady by a mock ceremony? may claim ker, in some States, as a lawful wife, causing her much trouble and vice versa. We advise people to amuse themselves in some other way.

DILEMMA (Philadelphia) writes:
"Please tell me how to send wedding-cake?"
The sending of wedding-cake is now nearly an obsolete custom. The "style" was to fill small white boxes (boxes very prettily made of satin or watered paper, and lined with delicate lacework) with the cake, place upon the cover the wedding-cards, and tie with narrow white satin ribbons. Now, a "reception" is so general, that the dispensing of cake is usually confined to that feast. DILEMMA (Philadelphia) writes:

Mason G. (Auburn) writes:

"I nave long loved a young lady who, at one time, seemed to reciprocate my affection. We had no quarrel, but she desired me to discontinue my attentions, which I did; since then, some three years ago, we have never spoken and only once met. I have never loved any one else. She became engaged to a zentleman, and was shortly to be married, when the engagement was broken off, and, as far as I can learn, she has no other lover. Would it be advisable for me now, as I still care entirely for her, to try to win her? Ought I to seek first to learn why her previous engagement was broken? How shall I recommence our friendship?"

We can see no reason why you should not "try to win" the only woman you love. "Faint heart," you know, "never won lart lady." Seeking to learn why her previous engagement was broken would be a violation of confidence in her, and, perhaps, of her feelings. If you succeed in winning her love, you will probably be quite satisfied. Write her a friendly note, asking leave to call and renew your acquaintance.

thought Kate, ready to cry.
"Warren, I hope you are not very angry?"
said Kate, venturing a look at Warren. But This roused Kate, and she was her own au-

this ruse. And, oh, how we have enjoyed ourselves at your expense!"

hand to Warren, said:

better than he ever loved Miss Jenkins. But he must get even with Kate, and he

see, for weeks. When I opposed your coming, I thought that was the time Kate would be

Warren could not refrain from joining in

OUR FANNY.

BY ELLEN MORE.

Poor Fanny! lily leaves are fair, And she, than lily, fairer, Would twine one in her lustrous hair To show her conquest rarer.

But soon did coral-builders rise, And weave a cradle-basket.

To hide the dark mold from our eyes,
As fell the tissue casket!

We drop no tear upon the wave That hearsed her on its bosom, For now we see the treacherous grave Is spray'd—a skyey blossom!

T. T. (Newark, N. J.) writes:
"Is it proper for a young man to go home from hurch with another young lady when he has an escort

COLORADO. Under the circumstances, the request you made of your affiancee was by no means an unreasonable one, and your friend would only be doing herself and you justice by complying with it to a degree, if not entirely.

rery pleasant, skated with me some time, and saw me afcly started for home. A few days later I received letter from him from New York, where he lives, begging me to correspond with him. Would it be out of the way to answer it, as it was a very nice gentlemently note?"

By answering it you would virtually commence a correspondence, which it would be very unadvisable of do with a perfect stranger. You may not judge of als fitness for an associate by his manners. The catest rogues, roues and gamblers have the most hished politeness oftentimes. If you really care to outring your acquaintance get your father or some intleman relative, to make inquiries concerning him,



NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid

to the state of th

MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING AGAIN!

The next issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will give the opening chapters of

THE RIVAL BROTHERS; The Wronged Wife's Hate.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, AUTHOR OF 'DARK SECRET,' 'AWFUL MYSTERY.

A novel of extraordinary power and of interest that is enthralling. One of this great writer's BEST EFFORTS, it will be welcomed with enthusiasm by the host of her readers.

The Arm-Chair.

A VERY little chap sends to us this his first contribution to the press:

"I like papers that's got pictures; they look pretty on kites. I like cats, for when they visit one another they waul, and that makes grandma jump and say, 'Oh, my! what's broke?' and then I laugh. I like little pigs, for they get in the garden, and that makes the hired man swear and skin his shins in getting over the picket-fence, and then the next day we have roast pig for dinner. I like oysters, 'cause you can eat 'em without waiting to cut 'em up. I like sleds, for you don't have to be putting in a linch-pin all the time. I like everything that's sweet unless it's stuck away on a high shelf, and then I wish it was broke. I like grandma, 'cause she can't hear, and when I tie the cat's and dog's tails together under the porch, she thinks it's the organ-man and gives me two cents to go and give him. I'll tell you some other time what I don't like if you print this. It's worth ten cents, I suppose, but I'll take five cents, for that'll buy an ounce of powder. Won't that be fun! That's all at present. Tommy Travers; age 6." We'll put Tommy on the "regular list" and hope he'll keep his engagements.

WE have from our Woman's World reporter, in this issue, a chapter on gems, which contains some interesting information. one feature, however, in regard to cameos, which the reporter fails to characterize as it deserves. It is the tendency of the trade to pander to a taste for heads and figures neither classic nor refined.

We are told that great numbers of cameo cutters have left Rome and gone to Paris, and that, finding a great demand there for heads and figures of certain female celebrities of the gay capital, they have discarded the Greek and Roman and Egyptian gods, goddesses, and noted characters of antiquity for—what? For historically dissolute women!

A writer cognizant of the facts in the case,

says of these carvers that, "they have naturally enough become Parisianized" (what that means only too many Americans know) their ideas, and this shows in their work. So now, instead of the goddesses of mythology, they give us the divinities of the Jardin Mabille; in place of Minerva with her helmet, and chaste Diana crescent-crowned, there are piquant grisettes that lure from wisdom's ways and flout Jupiter's daughter to her face, and saucy interpreters to opera bouffe, with nothing of Diana except her relentlessness.

And, looking into the show-cases of our shops, there we behold these substitutes for long-revered classic types, in long and glittering array, and are told, to our astonishment, that American purchasers prefer these tainted images to the antique. It is pos that some, in purchasing, are not aware of the nature of the subject of the cameos; so we give this hint. The fact that these faces are popular" is not a healthy sign of the times.

WE had supposed that no man of any intelligence denied the power of the novel to reach great and good social and moral results, but seems we were mistaken. A copy of the organ of the church unionists before us contains a formal catechism addressed "to ministers who write novels," and among the sixteen queries propounded we find these:

11. Has God, by precept or example, given ou anything in His Book which justifies a modera religious novel?

12. Is not the term "Serial" used as an inten

tional fraud, to palm off a goodish, wishy-washy novel on Christian people?

13. Is your Christian and ministerial conscience at ease in this business?

What will this Genius of Stupidity do with King David and his Imaginings; or with Job and Isaiah; or with St. John and his Revela-

tions; or, indeed, with Christ and his Parables? And poor old Æsop-what a purgatory he deserves! And Racine and Montaigne-they should be morally guillotined; and Milton with his Paradise Lost and his Paradise Regained-why, nothing but quartering him will suffice; but for John Bunyan and his romance must be reserved the most touching tortures.

Seriously-such a catechism as that referred to is a melancholy sign that there yet are men who can't see the sun for the goggles they wear. As religious Tract Houses and Sunday School Publication Boards are literally built upon fiction, and as all religious papers of any prominence adopt the Serial Story as one of their most potent means of interest, the day has passed for patience with the narrow minds that decry the novel, or pronounce the Serial a "fraud." Give them over to the Fool Killer when he comes along.

Sunshine Papers. An Unpardonable Sin.

It is an unpardonable sin!

The shameful way in which parents neglect

the education-physical, mental, and moral-

of their daughters!
Grave fathers elevate their eyebrows in con temptuous disapproval of the above, as they remember the bills that have to be settled quarterly, for drawing, and dancing, and music, and educational purposes generally; and fussy mothers wonder "what more can be done when Jennie, poor dear! is studying herself ill!" while weary school-teachers shake their heads in indignant protest, as they recall the crowd of girlish faces they meet each day, and the intellects that must be made to comprehend philosophy, revel in history, and appreciate mathematics, nolens volens, and with as much interest, patience, and indefatigableness on the instructor's part as if she were the parent, and not an over-worked, poorly-paid creature, kept in a state of constant suspense and irritability by the uncertain tenure of her position. One and all pronounce the induction a fallacy, and its writer an ignorant enthusiast, a silly reformer, or (with decided scorn), a "woman's righter!"

Think me what you choose, call me what you will, only do not blindly turn away from the little space my words fill. There are women, ay, many, not long ago the merry daughters of just such parents as fill our land to-day, who can emphasize my proposition with lips grown pallid through suffering—women, whose youthful freshness and bloom is being washed away by the torrents of bitter tears they shed through nightly vigils, whose hearts are tombs of buried hope and happiness.

I knew a fresh, gay girl, belle of a merry circle. She married, not hastily, nevertheless—unwisely. To-day, a faded, heart-broken young woman, she and a daughter are dependent for their daily bread upon aged parents, already severely overtaxed. I have heard her say, again and again, with such genuine misery as would bring tears to many eyes, "If I could only do something! The only source of self-support open to me in this quiet village life—and I have no friends or influence outside of it, even if I felt myself fitted for any other sphere—is common household service; and that my parents beg me, with horror, not to adopt. But I must! He who should support me, rarely communicates with me, spends all the money he earns upon himself, and cares not whether his wife or child have food or raiment; and it is killing me to have my aged father toiling to support us. Whatever my child's fate, she shall be saved from part of the misery of mine, by being taught something worth the Inversion?"

"Something worth the knowing." Ah! that is the key-note to much bitter suffering! That is the rock upon which the barque of many a woman's happiness is stranded! That is the great sin of parents toward their daughters—

hey teach them nothing worth the knowing. Girls are clothed, petted, provided with pending-money, and a conventional education. They know a smattering of philosophy and physiology. They have spent considera-ble time over history, literature and rhetoric. They have waded through more or less mathe matics. Are slightly acquainted with Latin. and know considerable French that a Frenchman wouldn't know. They perform passably on an organ, or piane; draw quite cleverly; and, perhaps, paint a little. They may have a superficial knowledge of chemistry, and a few vague ideas concerning astronomy. Of course they write fairly, spell correctly, and read tol-

Suppose two years from graduation day these accomplished young ladies find them-selves moneyless, friendless orphans; unhappy, ill-supported wives; or widows, dependent up-on their own exertions to keep themselves and little ones from starvation. How many would be sufficiently familiar with the studies they have pursued to become competent instructors? granting that they might be the fortune-favored one out of every thirty applicants for a position as teacher. How many would have such a thorough knowledge of any one study as to be able to pursue it as a means of liveli-

Your daughter has studied elocution. When cessity for work stares her in the face, can she say, hopefully and cheerfully, "Ah! there is my elocution! I studied that thoroughly and am fitted to give class instruction, private lessons, and public readings"? Can any one of the young ladies who have taken a course of chemistry at school put that knowledge to a remunerative use? No? And yet analytical chemistry is a lucrative profession. Did one make herself so familiar with Latin as to be able to teach that language in a seminary or college? Did she devote time enough to math ematics to avail herself of the knowledge now by securing the position of cashier or book keeper? Is her acquaintance with French so perfect that she can command the large sala ries paid by mercantile houses to those who carry on their foreign correspondence? Is she a proficient organist, or a finished pianist, or is her knowledge of history, physiology, philosophy or astronomy sufficient to win her a competence? Did she pay enough attention to her drawing to carry it into the realms of architectural or mechanical designing? Is she such a proficient in penmanship as to be a legible copyist, an expert engrosser?

With all their years of "schooling," do girls learn anything worth the knowing? The great wrong that parents do their girls is in not marking out a course of study for them to pursue that shall make them so proficient in ome one branch as to be able to rely upon it that wear.

as a means of livelihood. And those parents who cannot afford to render their children independent, by means of special educational training, should consider it no less obligatory to do so through thorough acquaintance with some trade. There are plenty of parents who will smile derisively and say that they do not intend that their daughters shall be forced to support them-But, so long as those parents hold not in their hands the control of destiny, they have no right to endanger the future happi ness of their daughters by refusing to give them a training—physical, moral and mental—that shall enable them, if need be, to fight the battles of life as prosperously and as hope-

fully as their sons.

It seems to me there are reasons many and cogent why every girl should be taught to rely ipon herself, to consider herself more than a eipher in the busy, workaday world; reasons the same as her brother, should be taught that idleness is disgrace and dependence degradation! The whole subject of parents' neglect in regard to their daughters' training is too deep a one to be carefully discussed in the small space of one Sunshine Paper; but we may urge this one point of the subject: if you do not believe in the necessity of training your daughters to rely upon their own exertions for support, as a matter of course, as soon as they attain a proper age, at least do them the justice to give them a training that shall enable them to do so when the only other alternative is the consciousness of degradation or the choice of abject poverty.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

MYSTIC CHANGES.

TIME certainly is a great magician, for the nges it brings about are more than wonder At no time is this more perceptible than when we have returned to our native place after a long absence. Localities have changed, roads have grown into streets—the old pump, that stood before the one-storied store, and on which so many names had been cut with jackknives, has passed away and given place to the iron drinking-fountain, while the store itself is among the things that were; for a noble ware-house has risen from its ashes. The painted cottages have gone, too, and glaring brick edifices are in their places. These things are styled improvements. They seem not so to us.

We would rather have them as they were in our good old days of childhood. We miss the well-known landmarks, and we sigh because they have passed away forever. We are actually homesick when we have returned home. We forget how long we have been absent, for get how these changes have been gradually made. We expected to find things just exactly as we left them. We cannot arrest time in its flight. We cannot stop progress. We have wandered the world over and all the while have been thinking how joyous our return would be, how much happiness we should experience in visiting the old places and familiar spots, and, because this expectation is not realized, we are grievously disappointed and feel more like having a good cry than being over-

come with joy.

We wander through the graveyard and see nany and many a loved name engraven on the marble tablets, names of those whom we left in the full enjoyment of health and whom we thought would live beyond our time. The grave and gay, sad and light-hearted, friends and enemies, find a resting-place in the same spot. There are some whom we feel we would like to arouse from their long sleep and have them talk with us about the pleasant days of yore. One lies here whom we were never kind to, but, now that we cannot ask her forgiveness, we wonder how we ever could have been cross and harsh with her. Another rests here who wronged us once and whom we would never forgive. Could we recall her from her grave, would we now deny that forgiveness? Oh, no,

Feelings have changed. Those whom we were intimate with in the halcyon days, who were our bosom friends, our playfellows, our boy-lovers and girls' confidentes, scarcely re-cognize us now; they are taken up too much with their own affairs. The old love has died out or been replaced by a new. The ro-mance of childhood has given way to the reality of actual life. Cold looks meet us in place of the anticipated warm embraces. Some are too proud to notice us, while others fancy, because we have roved about so much, we are changed and have become too good—in our own estimation—to notice them. Some have almost entirely forgotten us until we feel more like strangers in a strange land than wanderers

returned home to those whom they left behind.
We find Mollie and Herbert—two of our old school-fellows—married. Mollie used to be one of the merriest and best-hearted girls in the world, full of gayety and blithesomeness, ever inging and free from care. We return to find her a harsh and disagreeable scolding woman, a mother of noisy children, full of troubles and complaints-never satisfied-her singing changed to murmurings: she isn't the same Mollie at all. As for Herbert—he who was our ideal of generosity—has turned out one of the meanest and most miserly of them all. He pegrudges every meal taken in his house, and his wife has to give a strict account of every copper she spends. As for asking for a new bonnet or a new dress she had almost as soon have a tooth drawn. He leads her a weary life, and she often wonders how she ever came to marry him. To see them sitting opposite to each other, both with scowling countenances, you wouldn't suppose them to be the same couple who used to be so desperately in love each other's company and who used to make a enough to possess jewelry of any description.

Tes, time brings its mystic changes, its wonderful transformations. Scenes vanish—friends change—visions fade—the fire burns out and ashes remain! We only see shadows where we expected to find substance.

And we ourselves change with the times. mperceptibly to us but noticeable to others; and we sigh as we ask: "Have the same faults developed in us that we discover in our old acquaintances?"

Foolscap Papers. Winter Fashions.

THERE will be a few additional changes in the fashions for the rest of this winter which should be noted, as the fashions so seldomly change. They will require some change.

Among the slight modifications in ladies' the following:

GENTS' FASHIONS. Pockets will not be worn this winter in gents' clothes, unless they have anything to put in them; otherwise they are a useless luxury

Owing to stringency in money matters old coats will be "numbered among the things

Vests will be worn with swallow-tails with two rows of button-holes in front, along with any other holes that might happen to be torn in them. The coat adapted to this costume

will only be a short jacket. Old woolen socks will take the place of kid gloves at evening parties, when the latter are Hats will be cut double-breasted, with pock

ets behind; besides being made square-toed on number ten last. Caps will only be worn by captains in the army and on canal-boats. Pantaloons to suit the wants of custon

should be made on time, as that gives the greatest satisfaction. Boots will be cut open in the back, with the bosom at the front. They will be made long-sleeved, and have attachable cuffs, with gold

To the economical, three or four suits of linen clothes can be worn this winter and be in

Shoes will be worn with holes in the elbows to let out the cold weather. Holes in stockings will be carefully concealed. Business coats will be cut with a mowing

you can get the coat and then cut away without paying the tailor. See that the tailor makes your boots in the regular style, or that the shoemaker gives the right cut to your clothes.

nachine in the cut-away style; that is to say,

Very little money will ornament your clothes this winter. Pants, as a general thing, will be worn long, say a year or two; I might add, also, that they

will be worn considerably at the knees for the sake of style.

A few buttons will ornament gents' shirts this winter; for convenience sake they will be stuck on with mucilage.

Overshoes will be worn around the neck, tied in a bow-knot, instead of a cravat, and handkerchiefs will, as a general thing, be left at home, so that you can tell where they are no matter how far you may be away. Overcoats will not be worn this year except

by those who have them. They will be cut and torn according to the latest style, with low necks, wide soles, and flexible brims, and the sleeves long enough to tie around the

Every woman this winter is expected to be etter dressed than every other woman. This rule will be rigidly adhered to, no matter what the consequences are. Dresses will be extensively worn this winter.

The very finest will be the most hankered after, and any husband who will not willingly give up his morning dram and his daily victuals for this cause should be ruled from all ashionable society. Dresses to be in the hight of the fashion

should be cut long-waisted around the sleeves, and low-necked in the trail. Dresses out of three-ply rag carpet will be all the rage. The general style of the cut will be low-crowned, road-brimmed, with a high instep. On account of the cold weather, very heavy earrings will be worn, to protect the wearer. The new fashionable bonnet is of the most

exquisite design. It will be a wire rat-trap trimmed with Valenciennes carpet rags and point-lace calico in strips, with a live mouse and a piece of cheese in the top.

Poodle-dogs for winter wear will be silver-

plated and worn at the waist; being attached to the belt by the kink in his tail. Shoes of all sizes will be worn, but the

smaller sizes will be the most eagerly sought after. They will not be the most satisfactory, but they will do very well in a pinch.

Wash-dresses will be trimmed with point-lace, and have long sleeves. The face must be long to match. Kid gloves with two buttons

complete the wash-day toilet.

Dish-rags will be worn at the belt. They will have monograms worked on them, and be gilt-edged, with a bias cut.

Winter handkerchiefs will be fur-lined with Pompadour pannier and trail to match, with ow heels. Prize candy jewelry will be greatly in

ogue. This combines brilliance with cheap-ess; besides, it leaves the fashionable world oney to buy shoestrings with. Reversible French corsets will- But no

ney won't, either. Indignant wives will curl their lips this win-er with a pair of curling-irons. This winter, when a wife tells her husband

that she thinks a suit of mourning would be becoming to her complexion, he should wan-der to the nearest saloon in profound medita-

Opera modes will be extremely plain this season, with but little display. Ladies will leave their diamonds, bracelets, husbands, and other needless ornaments at home.

Brooms this winter will not go to complete a fashionable woman's toilet, from some rea-

Only such shovels and tongs should be selected as best suit the complexion. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

ALL ABOUT "WHAT GEMS TO WEAR." In the SATURDAY JOURNAL for Dec. 26th, we indicated the styles of jewelry and orna ments now most in request, but of the com-parative values of the different gems and set tings for rings, ear-pendants, brooches, necklaces, pins, etc., we said but little. We therefore now submit some items which will prove with each other, who were never happy out of of interest to those who are able or fortunate

> Of diamonds we need not speak. They are always precious, and are worn when all other settings are "under a cloud." The wonderfu beauty and purity of this queen of gems never will find its counterpart or substitute as an ornament or keepsake. Solitaire (single) stone are now the style. The "cluster" settings are not in vogue, but ladies fortunate enough to possess a cluster, we imagine, will not be deterred from donning them on dress occa-

Ranking in desirability next to the diamond are the sapphire and emerald. These are about equal in value, and cost but little, if any, less than diamonds themselves. Amethysts still hold their own, and set with pearls make very lovely sets. Now and then one come across a carved amethyst, which, of course, is very old and valuable. It is rarely that precious stones of any kind are carved now, although this carving was carried on to some extent by the ancients, and when, once on and gentlemen's costumes we beg to mention | twice in a generation, something of this sort is stumbled across, precious relic of antiquity, it is certain it will be held securely by its fortun ate finder. Turquoises, though by no means the rage, as they were two or three season since, are still much worn with certain toilets and no brunette cares to give up her garnets,

even though they are not the extreme mode The fancy for stone cameos has largely in reased, and there is nothing that is in greater demand. For sets, studs, rings and sleeve buttons it is much worn, and connoisseurs are as fastidious about the carving of their cameos as they are about the painting of a picture, or the rhythmical perfection of a poem. In looking over the best of the modern cameos one is struck with the scarcity of the ancient subjects and the modern style of the heads.

The setting of stone cameos is plain and solid, and there is a very noticeable absence of anything like filagree work. Pearls are used largely in connection with camoes, but these are in sets for middle-aged ladies and matrons. Young ladies are supposed to wear the gold settings exclusively. Rings for ladies and gentlemen are made from stone cameos; for ladies they are mostly in the "Marquise" shape, with a small full-length figure of Terp sichore or Psyche engraved on them; gentle men's rings are larger and usually have a head of some famous person carved on them. Among the heads most in favor are those of Shakspeare, Byron and Mozart. Some of the Byron heads are singularly perfect.

Black onyx with gold, diamonds or pearls is one of the novelties of the season. Although perhaps the combination is not, strictly speak ing, quite new, yet the designs certainly are. One set that is now on exhibition, has a neck-lace composed of alternate flat links of onyx and gold; the pendant is in shape of a cross, with a smaller cross of diamonds set in its cen ter; the sleeve buttons and earrings are comed of circular pieces of onyx with a large solitaire diamond in each. Another set has clusters of pearls in place of the diamonds, and this set comprehends the brooch as well.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit, we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special To Correspondents and Authors .- No MSS, received that are

These contributions we do not find available: "On Board a South Sea Trader;" "The Dead Leaf;" "Chunk, the Desperado;" "The Iron Glove;" "The Alcalde's Daughter;" "A Story with Two Morals;" "The Fencing-master's Lesson;" "A Mustang for a Bride;" "A Good Reason Why;" "The Dwarfed Call-boy;" "End of it All." L. C. G. Letter awaiting your address at this of-

Ice.

Tambourine. Charlotte Cushman's first appearance in New York was at the Old Bowery Theater, Sept. 12th, 1836, as Lady Macbeth.

A, M. M. The Reformed Episcopal Church is developing rapidly. It now numbers, we learn, over 40 ministers, 36 substantial churches, and more than 3 000 communicants.

,000 communicants.

E. G. S. Always use salt on the meat of nuts you eat. Salt is their natural dissolvent. Eaten without it the nut meat is indigestible, and if any large amount is eaten distressing results are pretty sure to follow. Teach this to the children especially. GEO. B. O'N. It is easy to cement brass to glass. First platinize the glass where the junction is to be, by the galvanic process. This gives the soldering basis. In soldering, just heat the glass slowly intil it becomes hot enough not to break when the soldering iron is applied.

soldering iron is applied.

FRED. L. O. Kentucky is a fine grazing State, and stock-raising there is a feature. We quite approve the idea of your going there. It is far better than gold-mining. The Ohio Valley States offer more desirable openings for single young farmers than the far Western States or Territories.

R. A. CARTER. Your problem is quite incomprehensible. If you mean that he bought equal numbers of hogs, sheep and cows, then the problem has an answer—how many of each? But you do not so state it. State it correctly if you want an answer.

T. Z. S. The Angora cats come from Angora, a town in Asia Minor. These animals are supposed to be descended from old ante-Greek progenitors, and have been preserved in this old town because through all changes from ancient time the town has never been wholly abandoned or ruined.

BESSIE A. M. Our Arm-Chair discourse about

never been wholly abandoned or ruined.

Bessie A. M. Our Arm-Chair discourse about fine writing did not aim to instruct so much as to suggest modes of home study and practice. You ask what are "Saxon" words. Let us answer by saying that the soliloquy of Humlet contains eighty-one words, of which all but three are Anglo-Saxon. They are words not composite—that is not made up of Latin roots and prefixes or suffixes. Old English is exquisitely expressive because the majority of its words are of Saxon origin. The Normans brought over with them their own language, but the sturdy Saxon never yielded to it, sensibly. Composite words are never so expressive as original roots.

al roots.

A CORRESPONDENT. Let your voice alone and be careful not to strain it, either by overtalking or singing or shouting. It is this that injures voices at your age. When you are older your tone will become smoother.—There is no remedy for bad grammar or poor composition but study.—Your writing is very good for any purpose.

E. S. B. We gave, in No. 247, a very excellent recipe for whitening red hands. We now add this: Take equal parts of cologne and lemon-juice; add scraped brown Windsor soap until to the consistency of a paste. Then, after thorough mixing, let it harden in a mold of any shape, and use for washing the hands. It will prove quite satisfactory.

Jarvis Masten. The fund referred to grew in

ing the hands. It will prove quite satisfactory.

JARVIS MASTEN. The fund referred to grew in this way: When Franklin died he left by will £1,000 to trustees in Philadelphia, and the same to trustees in Boston. These sums were to be loaned in small sums to married mechanics, and the interest to be compounded for 100 years, when the aggregate was to be devoted to public improvements. The Boston sum now exceeds \$180,000!

Dr. E. N. N. The hymn, "Rock of Ages," as stated in our previous issue, was written by Toplady, about 100 years ago. The other hymn you mention, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," was written about ten years ago by the late Phoebe Cary. It is one of the most exquisite of all modern religious lyrics. It was sung at her own fun-ral by a single female voice, and the whole vast audience present was moved to tears. Miss Cary did not die of consumption, as stated in the article referred to.

L. P. Nature's wisdom is supreme in all things,

or consumption, as stated in the article referred to.

L. P. Nature's wisdom is supreme in all things,
and her laws ordain that carnivorous animals and
large quadrupeds shall be less prolific than other
species of the animal kingdom. If it were otherwise, the earth would be devastated by the enormous quantity of food consumed by the beasts,
and by their roaming at will over the land to destroy and lay waste.

Thyphrance Cases are known whore energy

TEMPERANCE. Cases are known where sponta neous combustion has occurred in living bodies where the persons have been habituated to the use

MARTHA. Eggs are used upon Easter, because they are emblematical of the Resurrection of Christ. GOTH. The Russian Government still adheres to the old style calendar, which makes a difference between their computation of time and ours of

Archer desires to know why the fingers are of unequal length? The difference in length serves many purposes in connection with the acts and ordinary operations of life, for a pen, pencil, brush, sword, hammer, grasp, etc., are all more securely held than were the fingers all the same length, for were such the case each would interfere with the utility of the other.

STUDENT. Veins invariably present a blue appearance, seen through the skin, although the blood they contain is a bright red; but the cause of this is the absorption of the oxygen, which the blood originally contains, as it passes through its course of circulation, thereby discoloring it.

ESTHER. Tears are always round, or of a globular form, on account of the superfluous fluid, of which they are formed, being discharged through a hole in the bone about the size of a goose-quill, and which is the mold of the tear.

INQUIRER. Man is alone born in a state of na-dity, for he is the only living creature that can clothe itself, and also, in traveling through various lands, adapt his clothing to each and every climate. OLD MAN. The reason why your corns ache, your rheumatic limbs pain, and your decayed teeth throb before a rain-storm, is because the dampness of the air before a rain affects its pressure upon the body, causing a temporary derangement of the system which manifests itself in those parts that are in a morbid state.

YACHTSMAN asks: "What is the best rig for a racing yacht to make good time in?" The sloop or cutter rig for small vessels. The difficulty about having it for large vessels is that the spars and racing yacht to make good time in? The shood or cutter rig for small vessels. The difficulty about having it for large vessels is that the spars and sails become so enormous in size that it is impossible to handle them. For this reason, the canyas of large vessels is divided into a greater number of sails, and their masts and spars are multiplied. That the sloop rig is the best for any craft, however large, if it is possible to handle it, was proved in the case of the renowned yacht "Maria," the sister of the still more celebrated schooner "America," and as large as the largest schooners in the New York Yacht Club. The "Maria" was sloop-rigged, and spread such an enormous surface of canyas that she carried everything before her, and finally was practically barred out of all races. In suiting the canvas to a racing boat a great deal of calculation is required. The English used to have tall masts and long topmasts once on a time, till the "America" came and showed them how to rig schooners. The secret of great speed, as far as rig goes, is found in getting the spread of canvas as broad as possible, and extending it near the deck, but not up the mast. The higher up the spread of canvas the greater the length of leverage for the mast, and the more will the vessel he able to bear without danger of capsizing, the greater the speed with the same hull. These principles remain the same, whatever the rig. They are limited in their application only by the strength of materials and the length of the vessel. Another point to be considered is balance of sails. A long bow sprit requires a long boom behind to balance its action. The greatest beam of the vessel, wherever it is, must have the greatest hight of canvas above it diminishing at each end, proportionately to the lines of the vessel, In the calculation of this balance lay one of the great secrets of the marvelous speed of George Steers' yachts, "Maria" and "America."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

DATURDAT ROUBNAGE

BEAUTIFUL PROMPTINGS.

BY D. J. MYERS.

There is something in our bosom That is telling us each day Of a land of bliss and beauty Where immortal spirits stay.

Is it an idle dream of fancy, Or an empty vision fair, Which is painting things in colors, And not truly as they are?

When in death the eyelids fasten, And the pulses beat no more, Is the spirit unembodied Anchored on another shore?

Are the spirits of our fathers Sleeping in their graves of old? Or do they greet each other kindly In the streets all paved with gold?

Is there an Eternal Father
Who doth keep our watch and ward,
And have we an intercessor
In a sin-atoning Lord?

Gaze but on yon starlit heaven; See the order ruling there! Could chance such wondrous order Maintain in trackless air?

Must the noble acts of charity Unrequited pass away?
And shall the wicked deeds of man to man No penalty repay?

Oh! these promptings in our bosom Are but guardian spirits true, That would shape and mold our conduct For another life in view.

Let us then not be unheeding, Let us bend a listening ear! Let us mold and fit our spirits For their blest eternal sphere

Miss Casilear's Poem.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I DON'T know that I ever knew a literary person—that is, intimately," explained Harry Darryl to Miss Casilear, Miss Thorne, and Mrs. Desmond, who were sitting on the veranda with him. They had been talking about literature, and literary people—that is, Miss Casilear, Mrs. Desmond, and he, had. For some reason Miss Thorne had not taken part in the conversation.

'I have always wanted to," he went on as no reply was made to his last remark. "I believe I could love some women for the sake of the poems they have written. Here is one, in the last number of the Constellation. I think it exquisite. I am sure I should fall in love straightway with its author, if I were to meet

"Who is the author?" asked Mrs. Desmond.

"The only name attached is Margaret," answered Harry. "From the poem, I fancy she is young, and stately, and beautiful. I don't know what there is about the poem to make me think so, but it suggested such an idea of its author to me.'

"Read it to us," said Mrs. Desmond. Harry read the poem over to them. It was a pretty little fancy, beautifully expressed. "Don't you like it, Miss Thorne?" he asked, as he laid down the magazine.

Lucia Thorne smiled, and a pretty little blush made her face as fair as a wild rose, beneath his glance.

"I have read a good many poems that I liked better," she answered, and then she looked at Mrs. Desmond, and laughed.

Harry felt slightly piqued. He was sure she was laughing at his taste. "You can appreciate it, I am sure," he said to Miss Casilear. "Don't you think it some-

thing above the common run of magazine poetry, something really beautiful, in fact?"
"I—I'd rather not express an opinion on the subject," answered Miss Casilear, seemingly quite embarrassed.

"Why not, pray?" asked Harry; "I'm sure

you are well qualified to judge. "But—" Miss Casilear lifted her eyes to his face for a moment, and then dropped them, evidently quite confused—"but, I wouldn't be an unprejudiced critic, I am afraid. I write a little, and-didn't you know that my name

was Margaret?" "Margaret?" cried Harry, dropping his book, in his great surprise. "You didn't write this, did you? I never knew that you were Come to think of it, Mrs. Desmond literary. did mention something about having a literary person among her visitors, this summer, where she asked me to come up here. Why didn't you tell me who it was before, Mrs. Des-

mond?" She was waiting for you to find it out for yourself," spoke up Miss Thorne, before Mrs. Desmond could reply. "It's ever so much nicer to make such a discovery than to be told all about it beforehand, isn't it. Miss Casi-

Miss Casilear looked at her keenly, as if she detected some hidden sarcasm in her tone, but de no reply.
"I wish you'd come up-stairs with me," said to the days of your infancy—when you were made no reply.

Miss Thorne to Mrs. Desmond. "I want you to show me how to dress my hair in that new way you were telling me about."

So Harry was left alone with Miss Casilear; with a literary person, and one whose poem he had pronounced to be exquisite before he knew who its author was. He had thought her a beautiful woman before; now he saw the beauty of genius on her face, and was prepared to do homage at her shrine.

Miss Casilear had been at Desmond Place

but a few days. Before she came Harry had been a devoted follower of Lucia Thorne's. the man, more to himself than her. "One sylbeen a devoted follower of Lucia Thorne's. He admired such a sweet and truthful face as Lucia had, and he found that her nature was as sweet and womanly as her face. He made up his mind that he was in love at last, and if Miss Casilear had not come to interrupt the course of events he might have been engaged to Lucia by this time. Now he was glad that he had not spoken, because, well—because Miss Casilear was here, and she was literary, and he had always had an ambition to know ary people, and who knew what might come of his knowing her? He didn't have any egotism, he told himself, but he was positive that Miss Casilear liked him. He had noticed that from the first, and of course it flattered his vanity, being a man.

After that he and Miss Casilear were much together. He had made up his mind to like her better than any other woman he ever knew, because she was literary. That was the magnet that attracted him to her. He couldn't help but acknowledge to himself that she wasn't as attractive as Lucia; and more than once he wished that it was Lucia who had been literary. But he wasn't going to go back on his determination to know literary people now. He did like Miss Casilear, he oncluded; he liked her very much indeed. He was sure he should love her by and by. He tried hard enough to, at any rate, and if he failed to do so it wasn't from lack of encour

agement on her part. He didn't see much of Lucia. She was busy up-stairs all the forenoons, and sat with ing Miss Casilear managed generally to monop-

One afternoon he was lying on the sofa in a deep window of the parlor. A heavy curtain shut him off from the main part of the room. It was a warm and drowsy day, and by and by he fell asleep. He was awaked by the sound of voices.

"I think you are very foolish," Mrs. Des-mond was saying—"very foolish indeed, Lucia, to let her steal your laurels in that audacious way. If Darryl marries her it will be because he thinks she is literary. If I were in your place I would tell him that she isn't the Margaret who writes poems. I wouldn't let her deceive him in that way. I've been tempted to tell him more than once.

"But you promised not to, you know," answered Miss Thorne. "Of course I shan't mention the matter to him; because, what would he think, if I were to do so? As far as Miss Casilear's stealing my laurels are con-cerned, I don't care at all, because people will find out who Margaret is some day

'But think how he would feel, if he were to marry her, thinking that she is the Margaret she pretends to be, and then, after mar-

"Yes. I have thought of that," answered Lucia, "but I am not to blame, and you can see for yourself that it would put me in a very delicate position to explain the matter to him,

"I don't ask any explanation!" said Harry, coming out of his hiding-place. "I want to make one to you, instead. It is simply this, that I've made a confounded fool of myself.' And then he stalked out of the room, as indignant at Harry Darryl as he had ever been at anybody in his life. To think he had been such an easy dupe! He wished he could kick

In the hall he met Miss Casilear. "I am going for a walk. Don't you want to come along?" she asked, smiling her pret-

tiest at him. "No, thank you," answered Harry, more savagely than politely, I am afraid. "Are you going to write any more poems, right away?"

Miss Casilear looked at him inquiringly. "I've found out who the Margaret is that writes those poems I like so much," he explained. "I beg your pardon for thinking that you wrote them? I don't see how I could make such a mistake," and then he bowed good by to the discomfited young woman, who saw that her little plan had failed, and went up-stairs, anger plainly stamped upon her

He came down about an hour later. Mrs. Desmond met him on the stairs.

"I am going away," he said, stopping her. I am going this afternoon." Why?" she asked.

"You know well enough," he answered. What must Miss Thorne think of me?" "I would stay a while and find out, if I were in your place," said Mrs. Desmond, meaningly

"You don't mean to say that she will have anything to say to me, after what has happened, that is—" said Harry, turning very red, "as she might if this hadn't happened?" "I advise you to wait and see," said Mrs. esmond. The result of which advice was that Harry Darryl did not go away from Desmond Place that afternoon, but Miss Casilear

"I-well. I-the fact of the matter is, simply," said Harry, that evening to Lucia, getting desperate in his attempt to explain matters, "that I've been a blockhead, and I don't expect you will overlook that very evident fact, but—I'd like to have you be my friend, at any rate." Harry was red as any school-girl when he had said that.

'I'll take you—on probation," said Lucia,

And the result of the probation was, that he was taken for life.

So he married Margaret after all, but he doesn't like to hear about the other Margaret.

False Faces:

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME, A MYSTERY OF THE CREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "TOAD GIRL," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER X. KATE'S ADVENTURE.

THE man appeared disappointed by her re-

very young—think now—fix your mind—does not the name of Aylward sound familiar to our ears?" Etta reflected profoundly for a few mo-

nents, while Kate and the doctor looked on with eager interest. "No," answered Etta, at length; "I can-not recall the name; I do not think that I ever heard it before. My aunt's name was

"Avlward and Ward-singular!" muttered

ory."
"Oh, no, it has not!" cried Etta, quickly. "I remember her name distinctly—Margaret Ward; that was what she called herself."

The man inclined his head, and the action appeared to indicate satisfaction.
"Margaret, yes; Ward, no," he said. "You had a brother, some two years older than yourself; what has become of him?"

Etta started, and gazed eagerly in the man's "Who are you?" she exclaimed in an agiated manner. "What do you know of me?"
"You had a brother," the man continued, tated manner. impassively, as if he had not heard this passion-ate appeal. "His name was Raymond."

"Where is he?"

"I do not know." Again did a look of disappointment overcast "Is he dead?" he asked, tremulously.

"I cannot sav. "Why, what happened-how did you sepa-

"He quarreled with my aunt, and ran away "Ah! home? Where was your home?"

"In Erie." "On the lake?"

" Yes." "She took you there, then?"

"My aunt—yes."
"Do you remember where you lived before Mrs. Desmond in the afternoons; in the even- von went to Erie?"

Etta shook her head thoughtfully. 'No, I do not remember any place before

Erie," she replied. 'Not Franklin?" "Franklin-where is that?"

"Ah! you do not remember. Have you never heard from your brother since he ran away?" he asked, abruptly changing the sub-'Never."

"Do you remember your parents?"

"Did not Margaret-this aunt of yours, I nean—did she never speak to you about "Very little; she appeared to dislike to do

"Ah! I see, she thought your father guilty: well, she was no worse than all the "And was he not guilty?" cried Etta,

'No, my child; he was as innocent of that dread deed as you are." "What deed?" questioned Etta.

"Do you not know?"
"No; but from words vaguely dropped by my aunt I have been led to believe that my father, in a mad fit of jealousy, killed my mother, and then committed suicide. Is that the true story of the crime?"

He looked at her vacantly "Why do you ask me?" he returned. "Because I think you know."
"Why should I?"

"Do not trifle with my feelings!" she implored, earnestly. "Your words show that you know all about me—all the dreadful story of the past. You knew my father—you were his friend—tell me my true name!"

"I cannot," he answered sadly. "Cannot?" she echoed, disappointedly. "It is not yet time."

"Besides, why should you wish to bear a name disgraced by crime?"

"I do not believe it!" cried Etta, passion ately. "The stain is unmerited. I do not believe my father was guilty!"

these words. "Good child! good child! Ah! you are the true daughter of—?" He paused abruptly.
"Who? who?" she questioned, breathlessly.

"Who? who?" she questioned, of all in good "You shall know, some day, all in good vasively. "I was your time," he answered, evasively. "I was your father's friend, I will be yours."

"That's good news!" Kate Vehslage cried, impulsively, "for if ever Etta needed a friend she does now; and your friendship is likely to

be worth something, judging by the looks of your pocket-book here; it doesn't look as if an elephant had stepped on it, as mine does. What might your name be, sir!" she added, curiously. "Name?" repeated the man, absently.

"Yes, sir; you've got a name, haven't

"I believe so." Kate stared, and Doctor Hunter shrugged "Singular very!" he muttered to him-

"Tell me your name?" urged Etta The man raised his right arm slowly, and pointed to the pocket-book upon the table.

"In there—a card—look," he said; and the vacant look came creeping over his face Kate opened the pocket-book and made a careful inspection of its contents.

She took it out and read the inscription upon "SHAW & CO., BROKERS IN PETROLEUM." The man nodded his head affirmatively, say-"Shaw, that's me-Peter Shaw."

"Yes, here is a card, sure enough."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders again. harmless lunatic who has wandered away from his friends," he told Kate, in an "Shaw!" murmured Etta, as if to fix the

name upon her memory.
"And now the next question is what are we going to do with Mr. Shaw?" cried the doctor briskly. "You cannot stand, can you?" The man made an effort to rise, but sunk back instantly into the chair. This action was

answer enough to the doctor's query, "I thought not. Shall I get a carriage for you and send you to your friends?"

"Eh?" rejoined the doctor, surprisedly.

The man looked at Etta.
"Cannot I remain here?" he asked. "All I require is sleep and rest. In twenty-four hours I shall be myself again." 'You may be as far as your body is con-

cerned," said the doctor; "but as for your head—" He supplied the break by tapping himself significantly upon the forehead.

The man smiled, and answered: Yes, doctor, there's something out of order there; a kink in the brain; memory bad. But

you haven't told me if I can stop here yet?" "Yes," she answered, promptly.

"But if you give him our bed, what are we to do?" cried Kate. "I will arrange that. Besides we shall not

sleep much to-night; those shirts are yet to be finished. It will be only for one night."

and quiet will soon bring him up again. I'll prepare a tonic for him, and some arnica liniment to bathe the bruises on his head. You can come around to my shop and get

This was addressed to Kate. "And give the doctor his fee from the pocket-book," said the man, who called himself Peter Shaw.

"Oh! there's no hurry about that," returned the doctor; and he muttered to himself: "Upon my word, this man isn't so crazy after Then he added aloud: "Come, sir, let me assist you to bed."

With Kate's assistance he got Peter Shaw into the little adjoining chamber, and placed him upon the bed. He removed his boots, coat, and waistcoat. "Here's a valuable gold watch," he said, as

he returned to the larger room, leaving the door of the bed-chamber ajar. "This must be taken care of, as well as his money. 'I will take charge of them," said Etta. "I have an idea that this Mr. Shaw is a rich man," he told the girls, in a confidential whis-

per; "and I think he will pay you handsomely for your care of him." "I should care for him all the same if he had not a dollar," retorted Etta.

The doctor coughed dryly. "Ahem! oh, yes, of course. Certainly—I don't call that into question for a moment. Very praiseworthy upon your part—very!" Etta smiled.

said "Oh, ah, indeed! How can that be?"

"I think this man can reveal to me my family history, which, from some motive, has been kept from me. You saw that he appeared to know all about me."

The doctor shook his head dubiously. "It's hard to tell by what he says what he knows," he replied. "I consider him a most eccentric individual—remarkably so. Why, he did not appear to know his own name. Sur-

"Yes, but he knew my aunt's Christian name, and my brother's," urged Etta. "How can you account for that?"

"I can't account for it, my dear," the doctor admitted. "I don't pretend to account for it. In fact the man, and all about him, is a perfect mystery. What in the world was he—a wealthy broker to all appearances—doing on the roof of the house at night—or any other time, for that matter—and how came he down the chimney? That's what puzzles me."

"His mind appears to have become unsettled by his fall," said Etta. "I think he will explain everything in the morning. Oh! I do hope that he will speak plainer to me, that he will tell me all he knows about me."

"Let us hope so," returned the doctor, with a dubious shake of the head; "but I am not so sure that he knows anything about you "I am," replied Etta, positively. "He knew me in childhood, I feel assured. Some feeling

in my heart draws me irresistibly toward him if he was my father's friend, he will be mine."
"I agree with you there, Etta," cried Kate vivaciously. "His chimney fall is a windfall to us, and we must make the most of it. Come, doctor, I am ready to go with you for the me-

"Very good. You are not afraid to be left alone with this man?" he added, to Etta. "Oh, no! he will not injure me."

"You are right—he's a gentleman, if there's any trusting to appearance—which they say there isn't-but I trust his notwithstanding. With this somewhat contradictory statement

the doctor departed, attended by Kate. When they were gone Etta went to the chamber door and listened. She heard the deep, regular breathing of the man. The man's gray eyes glistened as he heard

"He must be asleep," she murmured.
She went gently to the table, got the lamp and returned to the door, pushing it open softly. She looked into the chamber, holding the amp so that its rays would shine upon the bed.

The man lay there in a tranquil slumber She scanned the placid features curiously. It was a fine face, with regular features, and wore a look of dignity and strength of character. The sleeping face was unlike the waking face, for the vacant look, which denoted imbecility was gone. It was as if the man assumed a false face when awake, but lost that expression when in slumber.

"This man is not a common one," Etta told herself, as she studied the sleeping face; "and he has been a very handsome one. Something in that face appears to me familiar—these are features that I have seen in some other face. Whose?"

She taxed her brain to remember, but mem-

ory failed her here.
"It was a younger face than his," she continued. "The remembrance is far away, back in the misty past. It is not another face—it is his!" she added, as a new thought came to her mind. "I must have seen him when a childhe was younger then as well as I.

Satisfied with this solution of the puzzling memory she gently pushed the door to again, and carried the lamp back to the table.

Then taking up her work she began to sew, waiting the return of Kate. A quarter of an hour passed away, and then Kate came in flushed and excited. "Phew!" she exclaimed, as she closed the

door behind her. Etta looked up from her work in surprise. 'Why, Kate, what has happened?" she ask-

"I've had a row with a scamp, but I've prought the medicine safe for all that," answered Kate, as she deposited the bottles upon the

Some man has spoken to you?" said Etta. "Yes, on Broome street, but that's nothing musual, after dark; and it's pretty late just

'It is, indeed. I never thought of the risk

"Risk!" ejaculated Kate; and she tossed her head disdainfully.

"Were you not frightened?"
"Not a bit; I was only mad. It was at the corner of Elizabeth street; along comes a little man, not taller than myself; I was hurrying so as to get back as quick as I could with the medicine. I hadn't the least idea that he would speak to me; we met just under the gaslight, and as I was about to pass him he grabbed me, all of a sudden, by the arm."

"Did you scream? "Not a bit of it; I was so taken by surprise that I stood stock-still. 'Where are you going this time o' night, my beauty?' says he

called me a beauty, what do you think of that?" 'I think it was very impudent in him.' "That's odd, for that's just what I thought. I didn't feel a bit flattered, for I know I'm not a beauty, and I thought he was only chaffing me; and so I answered back, as gruff as could be: 'What's that to you?' But he wasn't at all put out by it. 'Don't get in a huff, my "That's so," the doctor interposed. "It will be only for one night. "That's so," the doctor interposed. "It all put out by it. 'Don't get in a nun, my dear,' says he, still holding me by the arm—it was my left arm he had hold of—'but permit me to see you home.' Then I got madder than ever. I could see his face distinctly in the gaslight, and it was a handsome face, with a long nose, and heavy black eyebrows, and a black mustache, and the long nose looked very tempting. I had one bottle in each hand, and I quietly shifted the right hand bottle into the | your fine gentleman drives in Central Park." left, and when I got my right hand free I went

"Did you strike him?" "No; I only pulled his nose—and I pulled it good and strong, and then a most astonishing

thing happened. It came off!" The nose? "Yes, and squashed all up in my hand-but it was not the nose alone—his whole face came

"His face?" "Yes; I tell you I was that surprised that I dropped it as if it had been red-hot. I got just one glimpse at his real face, and it was as ugly as the false one was handsome and then he stooped down, grabbed up his false face, and

went up the street like a shot."

This recital filled Etta with amazement. "What a singular adventure!" she exclaim-

'It just beat me, I can tell you." "It was all I joke, I think. The man must have been to a masquerade, and was returning home. Possibly he had been drinking, and ac-

costed you in a spirit of mischief." "He was up to mischief, there's no mistake about that; and he didn't want his real face to be seen; but I think I shall know him if I ever "Oh, I am guided by a selfish motive," she see him again."

'Do you?"

"But you are not likely ever to meet him

"Perhaps not. How's Mr. Shaw?" she add-

ed, changing the subject abruptly.
"He's sound asleep." That's good. But where are we to sleep?" "It does not much matter for the balance of

light in two hours or less. Suppose we finish the shirts to pass away the time? "With all my heart," answered Kate, taking off her hat and shawl, and sitting down to the work. "We won't have much more of this sort of thing to do," she continued, as she threaded her needle deliberately.

the night. It's three o'clock, and it will be

"Do you think so?" "I just do! Mr. Shaw's going to look out

for us. "Do not build your castles in the air too readily.

"I'm not building on air. He knows who you are, and there's money behind his knowledge, take my word for it.

> CHAPTER XI ETTA'S TRUST.

ETTA stitched thoughtfully for a few mo-

"That is my impression," she said, after this slight pause; "I think this Mr. Shaw knew my family when I was an infant."

"And I am in hopes that he will tell me what really happened to my father and mother in the morning

"That was the reason why you were so willng to have him stop here to-night.

"Do you think his name really is Shaw?" This question surprised Etta. "Why should it not be?" she demanded. 'There's his card." She pointed to the card

which lay upon the table beside the pocket-book, where Kate had left it. Yes, there's the card," rejoined Kate; "but how do you know that it is his card? It's a business card. Shaw and Co.—that's short for eompany—Brokers in petroleum. What's

that? "This, that we are burning-kerosene."

"O-h! that's another name for it?" 'Yes, before it is refined, I believe. But vhy should you think that this is not his card? He said his name was Shaw-Peter Shaw.

'And so it may be-I don't say it isn't, and

I don't say it is; all I say is, his having the card is no proof; it's a business card, and anybody might have it.' These words made Etta again thoughtful.
"True," she answered, musingly. "But he said his name was Shaw," she persisted, "and

falsehood." "No, he certainly does not," Kate admitted. "He's as nice a looking middle-aged gent as ever I saw. But I can find out whether his name is Shaw or not.

he does not look like a man that would tell a

"How can you do that?" asked Etta, sur-"I'll look in the directory to morrow they've got one in the corner store-and see if there is any such firm as Shaw and Co. there.

"That is not a bad idea," responded Etta, impressed by Kate's shrewdness. "Oh! let me alone for finding out things cried Kate, with the negligent toss of the head so peculiar to her. "If the name of the firm of Shaw and Co. is in the directory, it will tell where their office is, of course; and if our chimney friend goes away without satisfying our curiosity, I'll walk down to the office of Shaw and Co. some fine morning, and ask to see Mr. Peter Shaw, and then I can tell whe

ther he's Peter Shaw or not.' After this they sewed in silence for a few moments; but Kate's eyes kept wandering from her work to the pocket-book on the table. It had a plump look that fascinated her.

"I wonder how much money there is in it?" she exclaimed, suddenly, giving expression to the thought that was in her mind. Why don't you count it, and se

Kate speedily availed herself of the permission thus accorded, for she would not have laid a finger upon the pocket-book, notwithstanding her curiosity, if Etta had made the slightest objection. She took out the bank-notes and began to count them.
"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "Why, Etta,

here's a hundred-dollar bill! and here's another, and a fifty! half a dozen fifties! and a twenty! lots of twenties, and ever so many Oh! it's just a heap of money. Oh! don't I wish it was all mine! "You mustn't be covetous, Kate. Remem-

"Oh, yes! that's all very well; but when I see all this money, and know how much good it would do me, how can I help wishing that it was mine?"

"Is there so very much of it?"

ber the commandment.

"Five hundred dollars!" answered Kate, breathlessly. "Oh! Mr. Peter Shaw is a rich "It would appear so; and, somehow, I can't help thinking that my father was well off. "I'm sure he was! You're a born lady, Etta; any one can see that with half an eye. Look at your face, and your small ears, and

your little hands, with the dainty fingers! Etta laughed. "Are those the signs of my ladyship, Kate?"

she cried. "La, yes! Look at my hands." Kate extended a large hand, hardened by toil, as she spoke. "See the difference between us! Why, there's as much difference in men and women as there is in horses. The cartman's horse doesn't look much like the glossy horse that

"Whether I was born a lady or not, is a thought that never troubled me," replied Etta; 'but, I am free to confess that I would gladly discover where I came from and who I belong to, if I could, and escape from this life of poverty and unremitting toil."

"And that's just what we are going to do," answered Kate. "See! daylight is coming—and there's the last stitch in my shirt, and I'm not sorry. I have an idea that this morning is to be the turning-point in our lives, and that better and brighter days are in store for us.' "Heaven grant it may be so!" rejoined

Etta, fervently. "Then finish up, and I'll fix the stove and fireboard. It's a wonder that they were not smashed all to pieces. We don't want any fire built until it's time to get breakfast." Kate repaired the damage done by the man in his fall in a temporary manner, refraining from driving any nails, as she did not wish to

awaken the man from his slumber. "Doctor Hunter said the longer he slept the better he would feel when he woke up," she told Etta. "And when he awakes you are to give him the tonic, and bathe his head with the liniment, and he'll look in, in the course of the

morning, to see how he's getting on."
When Etta had finished, Kate did up their work in a neat parcel, and carried it away just

as the clock was striking five.

Etta leaned back in her chair and gave herself up o meditation; but the fair head soon drooped, the lids closed over the weary eyes, and she fell asleep.

She dozed in this manner for an hour, when a voice sounded in her ears and partly aroused "Etta! Etta!"

This word came to her like a memory of her Who was it that was calling her childhood. so familiarly by name? "Etta! Etta!"

Again came the voice, and louder than be-She started up, and rubbed her eyes drowsily.

'Who calls?" she cried.

"Here-Etta!" It was Peter Shaw calling upon her from

the other room.

She went to the door and pushed it wide open so as to let all the light she could into the darkened room.

'Are you there?" he asked. "Yes; you called me?"

"Several times. Were you asleep?"
"Yes; in my chair."

"Poor girl! I fear I have deprived you of a night's rest.'

It does not matter. Do you feel any better, sir, this morning?"
"Yes; but not so well as I could wish. My head pains me, and my ideas are sadly con-

fused, and I feel sore in every limb. "That is no wonder, sir, considering the fall you had. It seems a marvel that you were not killed.

"Men do not die until their life's task is accomplished," answered Peter Shaw, with a strange gravity; "and my work is not yet finmuch more remains to do. Heaven has its own way in bringing events to pass, and we are but passive instruments in its hands."

He broke off from the moralizing strain to ask, abruptly: "Is your friend here?"

"Kate? no; she has gone with the work."
"Good! She is too curious. I have some thing that I wish to say to you alone."

Etta's heart gave a sudden bound.
"Ah! you will tell me. I knew you would!" she cried, joyfully. This outburst appeared to surprise him

somewhat. " About what?" he asked.

"My father!" "Ah! Do you not know that he is dead?"

"I have been told so-that he died when I was a child; my mother, also."

"Who told you so?" "My aunt."

"Ah! Margaret Aylward?" "No. Ward!"

He continued, without heeding the correc

tion:
"Margaret Aylward never liked your father, for he passed her by to wed her younger sister. It was a slight she never forgave, and she was none the less bitter against him because it was unintentional. She was ready enough to side with the world against him, and she brought his children up in ignorance of their father's name." "She did."

"And she did more; she changed her own name that he might never trace them out."
"Why should she do that if my father was dead?" cried Etta, quickly, and a new hope came into her heart.

"Who says he is dead?" "You said so, did you not?"

The vacant look was on Peter Shaw's face again, and Etta, with a woman's quick intuition, notwithstanding her short acquaintance with him, had learned that when that look came on, no direct answer could be expected It was like a mask spread over the face to hide what was passing in the mind be neath.

"He is not dead!" exclaimed Etta. "He lives, and you know it! Will you not tell me where I can find him?"

He shook his head with a vacant action.

"I cannot tell you, 'he replied.
"You will not, you mean!"

"Well, well, it is not yet time. Have patience—you are young; you can wait."
"At least you will tell me his name?" she

pleaded. 'How can I, when I do not know my own name? Don't you know what they call me? 'The Man Without a Name.' Ha! ha! ha! His laugh sounded somewhat satirical in

Etta's ears "You told me your name was Shaw," she said.

"And so it is-Peter Shaw. Don't you How shall I make my child happy think it's a good name?"

"I don't know what to make of you!" she cried, in a bewildered manner.

He laughed dryly, and answered: "I suppose not, child. Ah! I have puzzled older and wiser heads than yours. But I'll

tell you what to make of me: make me your friend, and regard me as such, for I will be the best friend you ever had. Your lot is not a cheerful nor happy one, I know, by your surroundings; but I will make it brighter and happier-if I am spared-if I am spared! He muttered these last words in an undertone, and Etta caught them indistinctly.

That is what Kate said," she rejoined. "Ah, your companion—the sharp young lady? We must do something for her, too—though she looks amply able to take care of herself.

He put his hand to his head. "My head feels sorely bruised," he con-

tinued. "Let me bathe it for you—the doctor prescribed a liniment," she cried, quickly.

She hastened for the bottle, returned with it, and began to bathe his head. Gentle as

was her touch, it made him wince 'Does it pain you?" she inquired, anxiously, "Yes; it burns with a dull, unceasing pain. "You must have struck your head in coming down the chimney

'I suppose so; that I was senseless when I fell-perhaps I owe my life to that, and I think my broad shoulders eased my descent. Is there not a lump upon my head?

Yes, a terrible one. Here it is." He winced again. "Ah! it is sensitive. That's where the vil-

lain struck me."

A new light flashed upon Etta's mind.
"Heavens!" she murmured.
"This, then,
was an attempt to murder you?'

The villains thought they had succeeded, and thrust me down the chimney to hide the evidence of their crime." He raised himself suddenly up, and grasped her wrist, continuing, forcibly: "But not a word of this not to the doctor nor to your girlfriend-they must believe that I am deadthat they have succeeded -thus only can I defeat their machinations; for they are banded together, a gang of desperate and remorseless men, who would not stop at any crime to effect their purposes; and he, my old enemy, is at their head, their chief and leader" "Oh! I will save you!" cried Etta, impul-

sively. "You can remain here; they will never dream that you are here. He sunk back upon the pillow, nodding his

head approvingly.
"The very thing," he replied. "I would remain here concealed; a week will answer. In that time the villains will develop their plan, and I shall be able to defeat it. there not some apartments vacant in this

house? "Yes, the adjoining ones—that door leads to them; there are two, like these, but much more pleasant, for their windows look out up-

"Nothing could be better! You shall take them for me. Some furniture can be obtain-

ed, I suppose?—anything will do." "Kate can arrange that—she knows more bout such things than I do; but-

"Well, why do you pause?"
"We have no money," faltered Etta, blushig painfully as she made the admission.

His hand sought his pocket at once. 'Ha! and my pocket-book is gone," he cried.

"Oh! we have it, sir; we found it in the There, did I not say Providence watched

over us? I wonder the villains did not pick ny pocket, but they were after larger game than that. How much was there in it?" This question was put absently, as if he was rying to recollect the amount, and Etta's prompt reply, "Five hundred dollars, sir,' quite surprised him.

"Why, how do you know?" he cried. "Kate counted it. sir."

He laughed pleasantly, crying:

"Ah! didn't I say she was sharp?"
"But she is an honest girl, sir," answered
tta. "It's all there, just as we found it; and I have your watch also." He laughed again.

"I fell into good hands," he said. "Well, well, you shall be my cashier, and use as much of the money as you think proper.'

"I'll get you some breakfast as soon as Kate 'Very good; and arrange with her about

ecuring these other rooms for me."
"I will. There she comes now." "Remember! not a word of the murderous attack upon my life. A woman's tongue is an

inruly member. "And yet you trust me." 'Ah! yes—that is because—"

"You know who I am?" she replied, quickly. "Why will you not tell me!"

"Because, my child, your safety lies in your resent ignorance. I do not wish to involve you in the dangers that encompass me." 'These enemies who pursue you were my

father's enemies?" 'Yes; and our cause is a common one gainst them. I would shield you from their deadly hate. If they knew you were living, they would destroy you. Ah! you do not know the golden bait that lures them on; but you shall-you shall, all in good time. ne get back my strength again, and then I shall be ready for them."
"Etta!" called Kate, from the other room.

"Your friend is calling, go to her." Etta left him, reluctantly

(To be continued—commenced in No. 252.)

ALIDA BARRETT

THE SEWING-GIRL THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET, AUTHOR OF "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," "THE BEAUTIFUL FORGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY. CLARA had started up, and was gazing bewil-

red at her father. Her stepmother repeated ne assurance just given. "It was all untrue, then!" she sobbed. thought so."

'Think no more of it, my child! You have proved yourself my dutiful daughter; that is enough. It was a strange turn of affairs," he added, to his wife. "Just as I had given up to despair, deliverance came."

"After I left you?" "Within the last ten minutes. A friendno. I will not call him that-never mind! We need never look that horrible specter in the face again. How shall I show my gratitude?

"You know how, papa," was the girl's answer, as she wiped away her tears. "I do know, and compensation shall be made

for all you have suffered. You need never see that Hammond again." "Oh, thank you, papa! That pays for all."
"I hear Leon's step down-stairs. Come in-

to the drawing-room, and he shall bring us a visitor with whom I know he had an engagement this evening. They shall give it up, and spend it with us." 'Clara is not in spirits to receive company,'

observed the stepmother, with a clouded brow.
'Nor am I. We cannot pass at once from the deepest distress to hilarity. "Hush; do you know who Leon was to meet

this evening? The young Englishman, Cyril "You have not invited him here, after-"

"No: but I shall make amends for the injustice I did by sending for him now. Leon was to accompany him to the opera, but they can both get off, and come here instead. I will see daughter smile once more. She knows, and you know, Laura, that it was not of my own will I tortured her so."

Clara had risen. She came close to her father, and threw her arms round his neck.

Mrs. Burke walked to the window. To her mind, all this vacillation savored of weakness. The wound dealt to her pride by the revelation made by her husband in his desperation and anguish of spirit could not be healed, or even covered, in a moment.

It was easy for him to make amends to his daughter by giving back her lover; what was to compensate her for the pain of the discovery she had made? The wealth for which she sold herself in girlhood a precarious possession. held at the peril of loss from day to day; the brilliant position so insecure, she should never again feel safe; the bitter recollection forced on her that, if she had been true to duty and to her youthful love, she might now have owned all she craved, without fear of having it wrested from her-these thoughts were bit ter beyond expression. She had no sympathy

with the joy that now seemed to prevail. 'she said, at length, "you had better go to the drawing-room since your father wishes it. You will excuse me; I have a vio-

Clara, still trembling with her new happiness, adjusted her dress, while her father went to speak to Leon, who was in his bedchamber.

of the family was going on below.

Gideon Drake hurried from the study, as we

have seen, and traversed the grounds under

the shelter of the shrubbery. As he approached the gate, a figure encountered him, a slender figure, wrapped in a mantle. The face could not be seen in the darkness, but the stranger appeared to recognize Gideon, from the familiar touch laid on

There was a musical laugh at his affright, and the figure clutched him by both arms. "What does this mean?" exclaimed the man,

shaking off the grasp, and drawing the cloak around him. Again a laugh—of mockery this time. Charlotte! what are you doing here?"

"Nay, father! what are you doing? At your old tricks—eh? Have you been robbing the banker's safe?" "No; I came to bring him back some of his

property. Let me go, I am in haste. Or come you with me! You can have no business "Not to look after you! I gave that up, years ago, when I determined to make my own

fortune honestly. But what have you been doing here, father?" "I brought some papers to Mr. Burke;

papers he is to give me a fortune for! You and I can live at our ease, Charlotte. Come away now; I must be gone. He seized her arm and drew her with him toward the gate. But she, in turn, freed her-

"Go where you like, father. Will you come to me to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow, but I will on Monday. I have to leave the city to-night. Come with

No: I will be my own escort home." She pushed him out of the gate, listened for his retreating footsteps, and then closed it after

him.

She moved stealthily toward the house. The words of Gideon rung in her ears.
"Papers worth a fortune!" she repeated. "They must be the papers I heard him talking about with the Western man. They could ruin him, he said. I vowed I would get hold of the

whole secret, and I will! Is he there now?" She was at the window of the study now. The gas was alight, and made every part of the room visible! "No one here! Not a soul! But I can see

the chairs he and father sat in close to the table, and the desk where he keeps his papers. I saw him open it when I was here last! It is a good chance for me! Is the door open?" A trial showed her it was locked on the in-

"I can get in through the kitchen," the resolute girl muttered, her black eyes flashing. 'I can see the bunch of keys hanging from the desk. If I could get hold of those very papers, I could have it all my own way. He would not suspect me of the robbery. I must try the window.

The sash had the usual fastening inside. She pulled open the shutters. 'No, I dare not try the kitchen. Ha! I

have it." She drew a small diamond ring from her finger, and lightly ran it across the glass of one of the panes, cutting it through. Putting in her hand, she then removed the fastening. The next instant she raised the lower sash and

stepped into the room.

For a moment she listened intently. Her face, as she did this, glowed with a strange beauty, like some demon of ill. Her short black curls were pushed back, her dark eyes scintillated! Not a sound could be heard. Then she glided swiftly across the room to

the desk-cabinet where the keys hung, forgotten, for once, in his transport, by the banker She opened the door and snatched from the inside a packet of papers, tied with red tape. was the very packet Gideon had brought back.

With trembling haste Miss Le Brun hid these in her bosom. Then she searched the cabinet, opening some of the drawers. One of them contained several rolls of bank notes. She

"I won't take his money," she exclaimed "I'm not a common thief. Nothing more. The other papers are too neatly done up and put away to be of consequence. Let me see.' Her examination showed them to be ordinary title deeds, mortgages, bonds, etc. It was plain that she had secured the spoil brought by her father.

Closing the desk, she locked it again, and went out by the way she came. She even took the precaution to refasten the sash, to press the cut pane together, and to shut the shutters closely. There was not a sound in or about the

Like a young fawn the girl sped across the garden and grounds and through the gate, disappearing in the darkness, just as she heard the roll of a carriage along the drive from the front, and heard a manly voice giving direc-

tions to the coachman. She stopped still, panting for breath, and sought concealment in a thicket of young oak

trees. Well she knew that voice.
"Where is he going?" she breathed softly to "If he should see me, what excuse could I make? No, it is past; the man is driving very fast. Aha, Mr. Leon! I have with what you will buy at a good price!"

As the roll of the carriage died away she resumed her rapid walking, and soon arrived at the terminus of the horse railway. It was a happy family circle that evening in the drawing-room at "West End." The banker

paid one brief visit to his study, and took away the keys he had forgotten. He welcomed young Hampton when he came with Leon, explained to him that he had been deceived by some one, and led him into a misapprehension altogether, and assured him that

he had his full approval to his union with his daughter. The vague explanation offered was quite sufficient to satisfy the youthful lover. Clara was made happy in the society of the man she loved, while Leon and his father talked over the new aspect of affairs, and the favorable turn of commercial matters. The son thought it a propitious time to introduce the subject

most interesting to himself. "We are likely to have a wedding in the family," he remarked, smiling, as he pointed to the young pair, manifestly all the world to each other. "You have dispensed with the Mrs. I fortune in my sister's case, father."

"There is something in the world better than fortune," said the banker, musingly. "I am glad you are sensible of that. Only

let me share in the benefit of your discovery. 'I have learned some valuable lessons, added his father, "from the troubles I have passed through. We have been shutting the por in the heart to true happiness. But we must be on our guard in future, Leon. It will not do to steer so near the breakers, my son,"

"Vou have always been too venturesome." "So I find; and I shall hereafter do business

Meanwhile, destruction to the new peace on the safe principle. We have been too near the room. The stately lady then approached destruction to wish another storm." 'Can you provide for payment of this

Hammond loan?" "I have no doubt of it. The terms are such that I cannot be pressed beyond certain limits. He will be furious when he finds I have withdrawn my sanction to his suit for your sister'

Leon knew nothing of the threats made to compel this bestowal of poor Clara. And his father, though in his desperation he had disclosed his peril to his wife and daughter, had no intention of telling him now. The gloomy ecret could now be buried forever.

"I think you were imprudent, father," observed the young man. "Marriage, in this ountry, should not be made a commercial

transaction.' "I agree with you, under ordinary circum

stances. But these were peculiar."
"You have made Clara happy in her own vay; you must do the same by me. The banker was silent. 'I have determined to enter into busines

for myself." 'You, Leon?" "Yes, but I may need your assistance." "You shall have it, boy, to the extent of my

"Thanks, father. I will begin to merit your confidence by perfect frankness on my part. "Well-" "I have made choice of a wife."

"Indeed! You are engaged to Miss Mose-"No, not to her, nor to any one in our set, or our circle of acquaintances. I could not fancy one of the girls we meet in society; and

I am not engaged to any one at all. "I thought you said-"I have made my choice; but I have not

The father looked astonished. 'You have fallen in love, and have been re And all by a girl not in society?" he

exclaimed. "I don't think one of our circle would have rejected you, Leon. I have not been rejected either."

"Then you have not committed yourself." "The girl I love would not listen to my suit, because she fancied my station and for tune superior to hers." "Good sense and delicacy, certainly.

"She has a mind and heart worthy of princ ly rank! And the face of an angel!" cried the young man, rapturously. "Who is this paragon?" "I cannot bear ridicule on such a subject.

and you would call it foolish infatuation. Per haps I am mad; but I shall never marry, if I do not find and win this peerless girl. "No rash resolves; if she has left you, she the curtain, showing the burglar's work in the cannot return your affection.

'She would do so, if I had a chance to woo "Does she live in this city?"

"I believe so; and I shall not rest till I discover her address. When I do, father, you must be as indulgent to me as to Clara."
"We will see. I would not have you make

mesalliance, my boy!"
"The girl is as much my superior in goodess, as she thinks me hers in wealth and state. And what my claims in that respect are, we have seen by the misfortunes that so nearly

verwhelmed us. The banker shuddered. "I am determined to carve out my own for Hampton, in a breath.

tune. You cannot object to that, father?"
"No; what can I do to help you?" 'You can get me a post in the employ of McGill & Lindsay."
"You would not be an ordinary clerk,

Leon? Such a place is not fit for a son of mine. "I would begin on the low rounds of the ladder, and work my way up by honest la-

"If you are willing to accept a subordinate situation with brokers, I have no doubt they will gladly receive you. And will you speak to them to-morrow?" I will if you wish," replied the father

nesitatingly. "I want to lose no time. Not till I can earn enough to support a wife will I ask one: and she I have chosen will wait for me, have sported in false colors on the brink of a slippery precipice, father; and I have had my open. All this pageantry of society-

what does it amount to? "Very little, I am afraid!" "Nothing at all! Which of our magnificent friends would have honored us with their company or their notice, if you had fallen under the crash that was impending?"

"None of them!" "Then why should we care for such butterflies? Let us build our prosperity on a more substantial basis, and not have the upper structure so weighty that a blast can topple it down!

"I am of your mind, Leon, my boy, and I would gladly make some retrenchment. But what will your mother say to all this?" "I had forgotten her," said the young man sadly. "And so had I. She does not think as we

The banker grasped his son's hand.

do. She could not be less than a queen in the gay world. She would not listen to any hange in our way of life." "She was a poor girl when you married her, father?" asked the son.

"An orphan girl, in the —— Seminary." "Then she brought you no wealth," Leon continued, mentally putting the case on a parallel with that of his own love. "No money; but what wealth in her match

less beauty—in her regal style—in her faculty

of ruling the sphere she moves in! How proud I was of her!" "Did she marry you for love?" The banker winced. "Perhaps not; what difference does it make in the end?

think." "I was madly in love with her. I asked nothing but her consent. And she proved a kind mother to my children." "Yes, she was always kind. But if she

"All the difference in the world, I should

loves you now, father, she would not be opposed to a reform in our way of living, which we were all anxious to carry out." A deep sigh from the father was the only Just at that moment the door opened, and

is son as she joined them. Leon walked to one of the side-tables, and took up a volume of engravings. Once he glanced at the superb form and face of his stepmother, as she conversed with a kind of incipient paralysis, brought on by his father, and his heart sunk.

resign the scepter of fashion! She was speaking earnestly, and glancing toward the lovers at the distant end of the drawing - room. In compliance with some

Leon, with some remark about the evident content of his sister at the happy turn of af-

At that moment a loud and wild cry rung out below stairs. All, with one accord, rushed to the door

The butler was on the stairs. He cried out that his master was taken suddenly ill, and hurried back again. Shrieks came from the

women below.

All the household was assembled in a few minutes in the little private study.

They saw the banker, half raised from the floor, in the arms of one of the servants, while another bathed his forehead with cold water. They lifted and placed him in an easy-chair. Leon called for some one to ride for a doctor

instantly. His father made an eager gesture to forbid it. He had not lost consciousness. Some terrible shock had stunned him for a moment; but he was already beginning to recover.

His wife held her smelling-salts to his nostrils, and Leon offered him a glass of brandy and water, fetched in haste by the butler. These revived him, and presently he sat up, composed, and bade the servants leave t room. Only his wife and children, with young Hampton, remained.

His face was still deathly pale and wild; but he spoke coherently. He pointed to the pen desk cabinet.

"I have been robbed!" he gasped.
"Not of the packet?" cried his wife, in a

"Yes, of the packet!" was the faltering re-y. Leon quickly made a search. 'There is a drawer full of money," he said. "Not the money!" exclaimed his father, still articulating with difficulty. "That would have been nothing. The papers—the papers brought

to me this evening."
"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Burke, while Clara threw her arms about her father, weeping. "Who could have touched them?" Leon was pulling out the contents of the

drawers and receptacles, in a vain search.
"It is not there!" wailed the banker. "It gone-and I am ruined!" 'Hush; do not talk so!" cried his wife. 'He is mistaken! No one has been here.

Are not the doors locked?" She tried them; they were securely fastened, "The cabinet was locked, too. No one can have touched anything!

"But the keys-the bunch of keys-I forgot

them for half an hour," groaned her husband clasping his forehead with both hands. "It was done while I went to Clara's room! "The doors were fast! How could any one have got in?" Leon was at the window. He drew back

broken pane. "The robber came in this way. He must have been alarmed before he completed his work, or he would have secured the money." "He did not come for money!" cried Mrs.

Burke, wringing her hands. Her husband made a gesture commanding silence. He tried to rise, and succeeded by teadying himself by the arms of the chair. "I have been robbed of important-most important papers," he said, in a firm voice. "Only one person had any motive to perpe-

trate such a crime. It was-Erastus Hammond," "He must be arrested immediately-before he has time to escape!" cried Leon and young

will not have the matter dragged before the public! They were private papers! Only send for Hammond at once!' 'Let me go!" urged the young Englishman. Leon, stay you here; you know best what to

"No rashness! I forbid it! No arrests!

do for your father: I will go."
"It will be best so," said Mrs. Burke. "Where is he? Where shall I go?"
"He is at the Grand Hotel." "Shall I order the carriage?" asked Leon. "No, it will be best not," replied his father. We—had some private business—the papers his mind suddenly, and taken this way to pos-

Protestations against this were raised on all "Then, if I cannot go, better that a stranger should. Say nothing to him—not one word—of my loss or suspicions. It is impor-

tant that he should not be offended. If he is

made angry or thinks there will be any dis-

sess himself of my property. If I could only

turbance, he will not restore what he has taken: and-I must have it! I must have it. Only beg him to come to me at once. Say I m very ill, or I would go to him." He fell back in his chair with a groan Cyril Hampton promised strict obedience, prudence and caution. He would simply send

then left the house on his errand. CHAPTER XXV.

up the banker's card with the message. He

WHO WAS THE MURDERER? Two or three days afterward a body was found floating in the river, hauled to shore, and taken to the Morgue for exhibition.

There was a bullet-hole through the back of

the skull, and the grizzled hair was matted with clots of blood. The face had been bruised by striking against the stones, apparently when thrown into the water, and was mutilated by the gnawing of water-rats beyond recognition. But by the robust form, the hair, and other indications, it was judged to be the body of a middle-aged man, and by the fine linen and expensive clothing that of a gentleman, At the same time "the mystery at the Grand Hotel" was the topic of general inquiry and

newspaper comment. A prominent inmate,

known by his lavish outlay to be a man of

great wealth, had suddenly disappeared.

name—Erastus Hammond—was at the head of half a column connecting his strange absence with the mysterious murder. Link after link of evidence was supplied to prove that the body at the Morgue was indeed that of the rich but unknown stranger. ous stories were raised and circulated to account for the perpetration of such a deed without apparent motive; for his purse and watch were found on the corpse, and nothing had been touched in the room of the missing Ham-

In the hush and gloom of his rich chamber Mrs. Burke entered. She looked grave and at "West End," the banker heard these rupreoccupied, but smiled on her husband and mors, and listened to the newspaper remarks

read by his wife from day to day His wearing anxiety reduced his strength more than disease. The physician they were obliged to summon pronounced his first attack the shock of discovering that his desk had been imagine," he said to himself, "that she will robbed. The exciting news of the murder folowing closely on this disaster had prevented his rallying so soon as he otherwise would.

None but the wife and daughter surmised the importance of the missing papers, nor unwhispered suggestion, the banker rose and left | derstood his continued distress at their loss.

The banker's theory was that Hammond had at "West End." The banker was beginning discovered the theft of the documents by Gideon Drake, and, conjecturing that he had been employed to steal them, had instantly come to "West End" to recover them, and had succeeded through Burke's own careless ness in having left the keys half an hour in the

He shuddered to think of what further might have happened. Perhaps Gideon had found Hammond out, and a fatal encounter had followed. He remembered Gideon's haste to be gone that night, and his expressed anxi to secure himself.

Why had he not returned since for the money, the reward of his crime? Could it be that he had struck at the life of the man he had robbed? Or had he shot him in some unfrequented place? If so, he must have visited hotel to get the papers, which Hammond surely would not have carried about with him.

This idea seemed plausible. The villain must have taken the keys from the body of his victim and afterward gone to his room to use them. This would account for his haste to get away. But the subsequent theft was unaccountable.

With unspeakable agony the wretched man thus followed the dark labyrinth, striving to find one ray of comfort.

What was he, if his last theory should prove correct, but a murderer, liable to the veng of the violated law for complicity in the highest crime known to it?

Had he not himself suggested that crime to his willing instrument, and promised to re-

The strait in which he stood seemed then to justify any extreme measure for his relief. Now he felt as if he could bear even public exposure of his former fraud to be free from the black shadow of guilt wrapping his evil soul like a pall.

Gideon had left the city; he had no doubt of that, and hence, none of his guilt.

When the public excitement had died away he would not fail to return, and demand his pay; perhaps extort larger sums by threats of dis To what a fearful strait had the hon ored banker, the man of influence and wealth been reduced by following the crooked paths

of guilt and wickedness.

The doctor enjoined perfect quiet; but how was this to be attained? The agonizing suspense and apprehension would have worn a man in good health into sickness; their effects on Mr. Burke were terrible. And ere long an unexpected turn was given to affairs.

One morning when young Hampton was at the villa, as he now was every day, with other visitors—for the eminent banker's home was thronged continually—two strange men presented themselves, announcing "important business." They could not see Mr. Burke, Leon informed them, offering to attend to any thing special himself. But the men strode past him into the drawing-room, and one of them strode up to Gyril Hampton, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

You are my prisoner, sir," he said. The consternation excited may be imagined. Young Hampton and Leon, in a breath, demanded the reason of this arrest.

It was on the charge of murder—the murder

of Erastus Hammond, the officer replied. The accusation was so preposterous the company were generally inclined to laugh as at some ultra stupid blunder. Clara, however, grew pale as death, and leaned for support

upon her stepmother. The English gentleman was presently ready to accompany the officers, and Leon was determined to go with him. Neither of them thought the matter in the slightest degree serious. The young Englishman was taken for ex-

amination before the judges, but the absence of one of them rendered it necessary to defer the inquiry, and he was detained in custody till the following day. He learned enough however, to excite some apprehension as to the

The attendants at the hotel were ready to testify that he had come at a late hour. night of the supposed murder, to see Mr. Erastus Hammond. His inquiry was so imperative as to arouse the attention of the servants and the clerk whom he had requested to send to the gentleman's room.

Disappointed of seeing him, he had asked

particularly where he might have gone, and had expressed a determination to follow him, and to call again in two hours if he did not. His whole aspect betokened something strange and sinister, the clerk had thought.

And there had been a witness to the scene in the garden on the night of the "Silver Wed-" His testimony proved that Hammond was the successful rival of young Hampton, at least in the banker's favor, in the suit for his daughter's hand. Here was a motive supplied at once for hos-

tile pursuit and a deadly encounter.
Other little incidents—trifles light as air were remembered, to confirm the awakened

Hammond had been heard to say that either he or Hampton would have to kill the other, if matters came to a crisis. And his bitter ani-mosity toward the Englishman had cropped out on several occasions.

It is surprising how rapidly a structure will be raised on such foundations, and how quickly public opinion will veer round and hem in a suspected person. Few who heard of these circumstances doubted that the real criminal

was caught at last This state of things could not be concealed from the elder Burke, but he did not seem to attach much importance to them.

It would be easy to prove, he thought, what the errand of his young friend had been that night, to request the immediate presence of Hammond at his house; and his attack of illness made the message a peremptory one. It also accounted for the messenger's pressing haste and determination to find the man he

As to the alleged rivalry in love, that theory would fall to the ground when met by the fact that he had sanctioned his daughter's engage-

That, indeed, removed from the accused the imputation of having sought his rival with desperate intent; but, alas! it added to the probability that Hammond had sought him with

What more likely than that they had met in hot blood, and that the elder adversary had fallen a victim to an encounter provoked by himself!

At any rate, the circumstances appeared so suspicious, that when the day for examination came, Cyril Hampton was committed for his

There was a morbid craving in the public mind for some victim, and the committal was universally applauded. Ingenious theories were set forth in the newspapers, and sensational paragraphs wrought up the excitement to the highest pitch. The rank and station of the supposed criminal added to it. Things began

to look dark as to the result. There were gloom and sadness in the family

to gain strength, the prospect of imminent ex posure being lessened; but his daughter was overwhelmed with grief; and her stepmother chafed and fretted under the necessity of seclusion. They could not, of course, go into society while this cloud hung over them; and ow bitter it was to know that their private

affairs were the theme of malignant gossip! She even proposed one day that they should take their departure for Europe; but that idea, of course, was negatived by all the rest.

One day Clara sent for her brother to come

to her room. She was reclining in an easy-chair, pale as a lily; the tray of untasted luncheon on a table beside her. Leon greeted her kindly, and expressed concern at the sad change in her looks. "I have a favor to ask, brother," she said.

You must take me to see Cyril. "Yes; you have seen him several times; and he has a right to expect as much from me. You must take me this afternoon.

"But you are not strong enough yet, I am; I shall not be better till I see 'Our mother would object-"

"She shall know nothing about it." "Nor my father; he is as much worried as she is, at the talk on the subject. Well, sister, if you are bent on it-"

"I shall be ready at four. Then Mrs. Burke is always in her chamber. You shall drive me out in the phaeton, Leon, by ourselves and we will go to the prison." I will be ready.

"Oh, I thank you so much." The pale girl lifted her face for a kiss; but suddenly burst into tears, and covered it with her hands

Leon strove to soothe her.

"There, it is all over; I have not had a good cry yet; it has relieved me. Be sure you do not fail me, brother." But you must eat something, Clara, to

keep up your strength," said the young man, glancing at the untasted breakfast or lunch. 'I will; do not fear." "Let me ring for some hot coffee."
He did so, and insisted on seeing his sister

drink the fragrant beverage, and eat, before

CHAPTER XXVI.

OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

By four o'clock Clara was in the library waiting for her brother, dressed in a dark silk walking-suit, with a plain bonnet and thick barege vail. This she kept over her face as they drove through the streets in the open

When they reached the gates of the prison Leon gave his horse in charge of a porter, and offered his arm to his sister.

Presenting the order for admission, they were shown to one of the upper corridors, where Hampton was walking, in earnest cor rersation with a strange gentleman, one of his egal friends, he afterward informed them.

Hampton was in excellent spirits, and greeted them with a brightened face. His friend immediately took his departure, and the prisoner led the way to his cell. This was comfortably furnished, and several books and late newspapers lay on the table.

Cyril took both the hands of the trembling girl, and led her to an arm-chair furnished by one of the wardens for his use. He pressed her hands passionately to his lips, and thanked her for the comfort of her presence.

"You must not grieve, dearest," he said,

"for this bit of ill-luck; the loss of liberty for

a short time. The mistake will soon be cleared 'We are sure of that," observed Leon.

"Nobody can prove what never happened," the young man remarked, cheerily. "The worst is being cooped up here for a few weeks; and I manage to kill time with your books, Leon, and the papers brought to me, and a f the officers, who is a staunch friend of mine. I did not know that imprisonment could be so

Clara sighed, and threw back her vail. Her blanched, tear-stained face showed what she had suffered. Her lover felt this deeply, and spoke the more cheerfully to raise her spirits.

"I cannot help laughing," he said, "at times, to think what a case they have made out against me out of nothing at all! And how silly the lawyers and reporters will be when the truth comes out, showing how they

have fooled themselves!" With such talk he tried to rouse the drooping girl to hope and confidence; and Leon, wisely remembering the objection of lovers to a third party, excused himself for a while, and left the cell.

He walked about the corridor some time, and then went outside, to see if his horse was properly cared for. Then he stopped on learing the conversation of one or two men They were before the steps of a grocery. They were talking of some new murder, and the visits of

reporters to "interview" the prisoner.

Leon did not see a tall, slight female figure at a little distance, so wrapped up as to be disguised, and evidently watching him. As he moved to return into the prison, she glided up to him, and laid a detaining hand on his arm.

He started violently, and pulled his arm away. As he turned, facing the stranger, he met the fierce gaze of two black eyes familiar

to him. The shrouded figure threw off a vail that had completely covered her face. 'Miss Le Brun!" he exclaimed, in utter sur-

'I have been watching for you," she said. "I have come every day to see the young man in there," and she indicated the gloomy pile "I wanted to speak to you before them. was sure to find you somewhere in this locality toward evening.

And you came to meet me?" "Have you saved me that trouble lately, Leon Burke? I am living in the same place, and you could see me almost any day at the

Gazette office, you know. "You must forgive me, Miss Le Brun, if I have seemed neglectful, after the pleasant hours we have spent together."
"If you have seemed neglectful?" repeated

the girl, mockingly. "We were only pleasant acquaintances, then, and you felt at liberty to drop or renew our intimacy at any time?" never meant the least disrespect or unkindness to you, indeed," Leon answered, earn-

Oh, I dare say not. You were only playing at a safe game! and you did not care that your sport might be my death!" Charlotte

cried, in a broken voice, struggling to suppress her rising emotion. "By all that I hold sacred—" "Stop; this is no place for any explanation! We must go somewhere to be private, for I

have something of importance to say." She turned to walk up the street, and made a gesture commanding him to follow her. (To be continued—commenced in No. 248.)

Injun Dick:

THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "KENTUCK, THE SPORT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB,"
"WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WEAK OLD MAN.

upon his cunning.

OLD Ugly looked at Elinore for a moment as if he was not quite certain that he had understood her meaning. "You think you know why he wanted to go

in partnership with me in the mine?" Yes," replied the girl, decidedly "Oh, I see; you think that I talked him into believing that there was a big stake in the claim," and the old man chuckled. He felt pleased that he should be complimented

The girl sighed and an expression of pain passed over her beautiful face. She saw only too plainly what an utter and miserable wreck her once proud and upright father had be-

"I know a thing or two," the old fellow said,

with a wise shake of the head.
"That is not the reason, father. How often do you see this Cherokee?" she demanded. "Only when I go in town."
"And yet for the past two weeks there has

hardly been a day when he has not been lurking around this house.' Old Ugly looked at his daughter in wonder "Why, what's the matter with you, Nelly?" he said, soothingly; "you must be dreaming." The old man really began to believe that his

daughter's mind was affected. "I am not dreaming!" she cried, almost reely. "But you may wake some day and find that you have been dreaming. I tell you, father, that nearly every day for at least two weeks I have seen him lurking around this place. There are cracks in the side of the house looking to the hillside, and through them

have watched this man without his know What do you s'pose brings him?" asked

Ugly.
"That is for you to guess." "As for the other fellow," observed the old man, very abruptly, "this Sandy Rocks, I reckon I know what he's been hanging round nere for, and throwing dead birds and rabbits and sich trash against my door!" He spoke with contempt of Sandy's gifts, yet had always

eaten heartily of them, and without any com-The girl's face colored up slightly at the nention of the name, but she held her ground

with firm determination. And what does he want?" she asked. "A young lady about your size, I guess,"

and the old man smiled. "Course I wouldn't allow sich a thing!" he added, indignantly. "He's a good fellow enough, but wait till I've made a hit and then I'll take you back East and you can marry in your own circle," and as the old man spoke, so strong was his imagination, that the Shasts valley, lava rocks, flowing stream, wing-dam shanty, golden sands, all had faded from his rision, and again he stood amid the blaze of the gas-lights and the crush of the ball, silks to the right and satins to the left, half a dozen bank-presidents in the rear, and the honored mayor of the great city shaking hands with him, and expressing his pleasure that his esteemed friend had once again taken his place

amid the great ones of the East. But to the daughter, what hollow mockery there was in the candied words of empty fash ion? Her own circle? What was it now? The rocks and pines of the Shasta valley; the rattlesnake her escort; the howl of the mountain wolf and the scream of the preying eagle the music of her orchestra; and been reared surrounded by every luxury.

A long-drawn sigh came from the girl's lips and the sound aroused the old man from

"What's the matter?" he asked. makes my very heart ache when I hear you speak of returning to the East. Do you forget what we left behind us? Do you think that all the gold that lies hid in these mountains would

cover up the shame?" "Oh, nonsense! Gold will cover up anything. When a man has got plenty of money he can do almost anything. Gold won't make the blind see, but it will make clear, keen eyes very near-sighted."

A million of dollars would not hire me to return to the East," the girl announced, de-

"Well, you can stay here then, but just as soon as I make a strike and get fifty or a hundred thousand dollars together, I'm going! I'm growled. going to beat those Wall street robbers at their own game. I'll get hold of a stock and catch 'em short of it, and, oh! won't I put the screws on-two hundred to settle, gentlemen, and quick too, or up she goes higher, aha!" And the old wreck of a man rubbed his hands to gether and chuckled with glee. He talked of a hundred of thousands of dollars, and he could only count his money by cents. can stay here, if you want to," he added, "and

marry that tow-headed giant. "Or this long-bearded gentleman who allows you to swindle him so easily," she suggested,

"Well, there ain't much difference between "Except that one is a miner and the other

gets his living by cards." "Everybody plays cards hyer," the old man responded, testily. "So they do East, only they keep more quiet about it. All the world

cheating operation; not half so honest as regular card-playing."
"You say so because in the world's battle you have been beaten," Elinore rejoined. "No, I was not beaten; I was cheated by a set of rogues who called themselves Christian

gambles more or less; trade is all one great

gentlemen, who pretended to be my friends, and who stole my money!" exclaimed the old man, violently. "But this contract!" returning suddenly to the original subject. "Will you not give it

up "No, I won't! do you want me to starve?" cried old Ugly in an injured tone.
"I would rather starve than live upon the

charity of this stranger!" Elinore declared, spiritedly. "'Tain't charity at all; it's a fair bargain, but you women don't understand nothing 'bout The old man happened just then to take a look up at the far western horizon and saw that the sun had disappeared. "I must

"Will you not stay for supper?" "No; I am going to take supper at the Occidental with some of the boys, and I'll tell whereabouts of the members of the army.

be off!" he said, rising.

you what it is, Nelly, I'll just talk' to both Sandy Rocks and Cherokee 'bout coming' round here; I'll put a stop to it."

Elinore looked her father straight in the face and she saw by the expression there that he hadn't the slighest intention of doing any-thing of the kind. But she did not speak; all remonstrance she saw was useless. She felt that a mysterious power, stronger than her own will, was hurrying her onward, and like a fatalist she yielded, unresisting, to destiny.

Old Ugly started off for the city, making haste to get away so as to escape further con-

versation with his daughter. To use his fa-

vorite expression, "there was no reasoning

with a woman." Upon arriving in the city, Ugly discovered Cherokee standing in front of the Occidental, and he immediately exhibited to him the balance-sheet for the week, skillfully concealing his apprehension that his partner might naturally find fault at being required to pay out money instead of receiving it, by explaining to him that it was the best week that he, Ugly, had ever known at the mine, and as the product had exceeded the preceding week by some five dollars, the outlook was extremely favorable that the next week would exhibit a

very decided increase over the present one. Greatly to Ugly's comfort, Cherokee only remarked that they had better deposit the dust and the two proceeded down to the expressoffice for that purpose. That operation performed, Cherokee took Ugly to Pollock's store and informed the storekeeper that the old man was good for ten dollars worth of stuff, and to charge to his-Cherokee's-account. But, after this was finished, as the two proceeded up the street, old Ugly suddenly made the unwelcome discovery that the net result of his contract with Cherokee was to deprive him of all ready money until the end of the month. And as he had come to town with the intention of winning a small fortune that night at poker, this was extremely disagreeable. He determined to borrow a small sum from the obliging

The two entered the Occidental and sat down at a table for supper.

The "army" of the Clear-grit Sharp were not three yards off.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BULLY DELIBERATES. ONCE again the sable mantle of night covered in the thriving city of Cinnabar. Once again the saloons had illuminated their winlows and prepared to dispense creature comfort to the hard-handed miners of the Shasta

One by one the brawny, huge-bearded sons of toil had come trooping in to the center, all intent upon enjoying a few hours of pleasure

after the toils of the day.

It was early in the evening, and the regular sports of the night had not yet begun. Cinna bar City rarely unbended itself until after

nine o'clock at night. Standing in front of the Occidental Hotel were two men well known to our readerstwo men of the redoubtable "army" that had enlisted under the banner of the Clear-grit

Sharp. come at once to the point, the two were Jack Ball and his fellow-bravo, Dennis Shan-

Our readers will remember that in the peculiar death-lottery devised by the creative wits of the Clear grit Sharp, Ball had been "elected" to accomplish the death of the long-beard-

And as the two stood before the door of the hotel, it was upon this very subject that they

Ball, heavily jawed and scant of brain, had pondered long and thoughtfully over the subject. Exactly how to set about the difficult task he knew not. If Cherokee had been an almost unknown miner, dwelling in some secluded cabin among the hills, the task would have been a comparatively easy one. Mr. Ball would have laid in wait for him some dark night, and would have hit him over the head with as little ceremony as if he had been a

pole-cat instead of a man. But the able and accomplished master of the art of poker-playing dwelt within the Occiden-"The matter!" she cried, bitterly. "It tal Hotel. He was not much in the habit of promenading after nightfall, and upon the two or three occasions that the watchful Ball had succeeded in discovering Cherokee alone, that gentleman had manifested such an interest in his surroundings, that Ball, with all his cunning, had never been able to get within strik-

ing distance of his destined victim. Bless me hif it don't look to me as hif the bloat 'ad an hidee that some cove was a-lavin for 'im!" Mr. Ball said, in confidence to his chum, Shannon.

"Bedad, it looks like it!" the Irishman "I've been arter 'im for three days now and I'm getting tired of the blarsted thing," Ball

"He's in here ivery night," Shannon sug gested, indicating the hotel as he spoke.
"Yes, well I know it," Ball replied; "but

what chance 'as a man at 'im in this blarsted place with 'is crowd round 'im.' "Shure! he's a high-toned gintleman; why not go in an' pick a quarrel wid him; he'd be obligated for to fight yees," the Irishman sug-

'I'd a big sight rather get a lick at 'im in the dark," Ball confessed.
"But if you can't, how can yees? Shure

ye are a bigger man than he! Why shouldn't ye git the better of him in a fair fight?" I've heered that he's quicker'n lightning on the shoot," Ball intimated.

"Try him wid the knife!" proposed Shan-"I'd a mighty sight rather pound him with my fists," the Englishman returned.
"Shure that is as good a way as any, but it's

not likely to kill him," Shannon observed.
"I don't know about that. If I kin git a lick at 'im, good and square, I wouldn't give much for his life after it."

"Ye'll have the advantage on yeer side, anyway," the Irishman suggested.
"Well, I jest bet you I will! I wish that I 'ad a dollar for every time that I've put my ands up in a twenty-four foot ring." "But the blaggard may not be willing to

fight you wid his fists?" I guess that I can fix it so that, he will have to," the Englishman replied, in his dog-ged, surly way. "He's a pipe-stem feller, an" hif I get a fair 'ug on him onct I kin squeeze the very life out of 'im."

"I'll go bail that you will do that same!" the Irishman exclaimed, in admiration. "S'pose you jest skin round town han' run the boys up 'ere," Ball said. "We'll need all

our crowd when the trouble begins." "I'm off, as the cartridge said to the gun when the cap flashed, do-ye-mind!" and with a broad grin upon his ugly features, Shannon

It did not take him very long to discover the

started.

Velarde, the Mexican, was in a little monte shop," kept by a fellow Greaser, at the lower end of the town. Yuba was down at his old quarters, the jail, just run into the calaboose for attempting to "clean out" the inmates of a low shanty of very doubtful reputation, situ ated half-way between the "city" and its flourishing suburb, Angel's Bar.

After a long parley with the jailer, Shannon succeeded in getting Yuba released—upon parole—the gentle William pledging his word of honor as a gentleman and a scholar that he yould return to durance vile before morning.

This skillful operation cost the friendly Irishman one dollar and fifty cents—"refresh-ments." Prisoner, jailer and friend had all adjourned to a neighboring saloon to talk the matter over.

But for a time the whereabouts of the veteran bummer, Joe Bowers, puzzled the rest of the "army." High and low through Cinnabar town they sought for the man of rags and fluent speech. Diligently they questioned, but all without avail, until at last a dirty youth, hearing of the search, volunteered the information that "thar was a fat an' greasy

cuss asleep in his old man's hog-pen. That this was the veteran, Bowers, no one of the searchers for a moment doubted, and they proceeded at once to the spot, and there, sure enough, curled up asleep with the mother pig and three little ones, was the bummer.

From his heavy breathing, it was evident that Joseph Bowers, Esq., had been indulging to excess in strong liquors.
"Oh, mother of Moses! to slape wid the pigs!" exclaimed the Irishman, in astonish-

nent.
"I reckon he don't keer much!" Yuba ob-"He smells worse nor the pigs, any

time. He's a reg'lar walking distillery. You kin smell whisky ef he's anywhere within a Ball did not make any remark upon the subect, but he climbed over the fence of the pig-

pen and began to boot the sleeping man in a nost vigorous and scientific manner Mr. Bowers awoke instanter, and sat up, a ook of indignation upon his discolored face.
"Go 'way—lemme 'lone!" he cried. "How

dare you come and disturb a gentleman in his By this time he got his eyes fairly open, and discovered who his assailants were.
"Now, boys, this hyer is rough!" he complained. "What you 'bout, comin' and ca-

vorting round hyer and 'sturbing people? The landlord will raise blazes!" 'Do yees know where ye are?" Shannon in-

quired. 'Cert', ole man," replied Mr. Bowers, promptly. "Occidental Hotel, room 10," and then the bummer glanced up at the sky in a bewildered sort of way. "Well, jest kick me bewildered sort of way. "Well, jest kick me to death with cripples, if somebody 'ain't gone and taken the roof off!"

"See hyer, you're snoozing down with the shoats!" Yuba exclaimed, swinging the lantern that he carried, so that Bowers could examine

Mr. Bowers appeared at first to be greatly astonished, then he struck his hand to his head in the theatrical manner so peculiar to him. "Oh, I do remember me, my noble dook!

Jest 'cos I was a leetle obfusticated with firewater, they h'isted me from the door of the Occidental, and I feel a sensation ahind as if some galoot had throw'd a good-sized leather valise arter me. Then I wandered on, and I wept for man's inhumanity to his brother sport, till I tumbled over this hyer fence, and the animals received me with open arms. Kicked out by a slab-side cuss, this noble ole mother of shoats took me in. Such things will happen

After this explanation, the bummer got upon his feet, all trace of liquor disappearing as if by magic, and announced that he was ready to go with the party.

(To be continued-

TO ADVERTISERS. age at the rate of flfty cents per line, nonpareil

NEW BOOKS.

old crossfire; or, The Trailers of the Everglades. (Beadle's Dime Novels, No. 326.) By Capt. Charles Howard.—The white settlers had not only the Seminole to confront, but a league of Free Fighters who struck white and red men alike. These triple antagonisms are further intensified, in this romance, by the loves of two young women who, mixing in the fray, become centers of Intense interest. Old Crossfire is a fine chafacter—the true Swamp Spy and Everglade Scont—who, with his young friend, the Boy Ayenger, strike vicious blows at Seminole and Free Fighter alike, and thus incur a double hate and a double peril, from which they do not escape unscathed. The story throws a glaring light on a red spot in our history, and instructs the reader in such a manner as to give the work a twofold value.

Now ready and for sale by all newsdealers; or sent, Now ready and for sale by all newsdealers; or sent, ost-paid, to any address, on receipt of price-TEN

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS
98 William street, N. Y. This is No Humbug. BY sending 35 cents and stamp with age, hight, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Box No. 88, Fultonville, N. Y. 253-13t.

THE WEEKLY SUN A large, eight-page, infearless newspaper, of 56 broad columns. We aim to make the Weekly Sun the beet family newspaper in the world. Try it. \$1.20 per year, postage paid. Address THE SUN, New York City. 255-10tr

\$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted; particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. 255-4t.*

\$77 A.WEEK to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine, \$5 a \$20 per day at home. Terms Free. Ad-Maine.

A GLORIOUS FOREST ROMANCE! is given in No. 161 of Frank Starr's American Novels,

Illustrated Mammoth Series, namely LOYAL HEART, The Pale-Face Hunter;

THE TRAPPERS OF ARKANSAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD. This noted writer never produced a finer romance than this. It is life on the south-west border to the very fact, where fierce rar gers, implacable Comanches, sturdy settlers, individual scouts and hunters, prairie outlaws, and the peaceful ranche and its lovely inmates—each contribute to the story a peculiar and fascinating interest.

No writer better than the adventurous Aimard layous how to serve up the exciting material way.

No writer better than the adventurous Almard owns how to serve up the exciting material won m his residence among the wild savages and the nost as wi drangers of Northern Mexico and Weston Texas, and the reader has, in this splendid tale, mething that he will always remember with delight. Now ready and for sale by all newsdealers, or sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—

TEN CENTS.
FRANK STARR & CO., PUBLISHERS,
41 Platt Street, N. Y.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

That night with horse and sleigh I stopped in front of Poggin's portal, And waited very anxiously For Jenny the immortal.

The bells impatient rung for her, And with my heart-beats mingled; The moon struck silver from the snow, The frost it fairly tingled.

At last she came in cloak and hood.

I wrapped the robes around her;
Those buffaloes changed to queenly robes;
Ah, could I then have crowned her!

"All ready!" and away we went
With speed that sorely tried me!
The stars were shining in the sky,
My star shone there beside me.

The bells they danced to merry time,
My happy state to suit, sure.
In every jingle seemed to ring
The music of the future.
Away we went. Her joyous laugh
Rung gayly as a swallow's;
I thought how cheap was happiness
With sleigh-hire at three dollars!

Away we went, by wood and field,
With many a farm-house flitting,
But what cared I for house or lands,
My fortune by me sitting?
The snow upon that road was smooth
As any I e er went on.
Said I, "This road to glory leads!"
She said it went to Trenton!

I told her through my love for her That I was almost dying.
She sweetly answered, "Watch that stump,
You'll find your horse a-shying."
The horse shied and she grasped my arm;
To run he did endeavor;
Ah, gentle touch! I almost wished
That horse could shy forever!

"Ah, Jenny, peace unto your heart!
Protection heaven has sent you;
I would, through all life's runaways,
With all my power defend you.
If you would but accept the hand
Of one so poor and humbled,
'd'"—here the sleigh struck on a rock,
And out we both were tumbled.

Away we went clear off the road,
Each vaulting like a leaper,
And I who had been deep in love
In snow was some feet deeper.
We walked back home—a silent walk;
I felt great pity for her;
And since that time she's looked on sleighs—
And me with perfect horror.

THE

Young Seal-Hunter.

ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS. BY C. DUNNING CLARK, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT, THE GUIDE," "IN THE WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE,"

ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC. XI.—The Open Sea.—The Deserted Schooner.

"They were the first,
That ever burst,
Into that silent sea."
—Ancient Mariner. As they marched on, the captain noted with delight that the thermometer was rising, and that the ice in the center of the channel became less thick, with cracks in many places. they passed over the snow-covered surface, they could feel the floe rise and fall below them, and knew that they were nearing open water. Jan, who was seated on the front of the sledge, rose to his feet suddenly, and look-

"A ship! a ship!" he cried.
"A ship!" half screamed the captain. "What are you talking about? A ship here

before us?" "Look, look, cappen!" shouted the Esquimaux. "Me see him."

Maylie looked ahead, and there, miles in front, but easily seen through the clear atmosphere of this high latitude, he saw the tapering masts of a schooner, with only her topsails

and jib hoisted. Ralph," said the captain, sinking back into is seat, "we are beaten, after all."
"Let it be so, captain," replied the young

an honor that we have been able to do so much. Hurry up, Jan. But they could not hurry now. The ice was

getting rotten, and Jan would only proceed vith caution, creeping along under the shadow of the land, upon the shore ice. The minutes seemed hours; the officers left the sledge, and ran on before it, keeping the schooner in

'She is not fast in the ice, captain," cried Ralph. "See; the water is open on both sides

'That is true, Ralph. Do you see any signs of life on board?

'Not yet. Let us make haste, and get to her as quickly as possible."

They ran rapidly along the ice, and in half an hour stood abreast of the schooner. was lying in an open channel, at least three They now saw that she hundred vards wide. was a large and well built vessel, her battered hull showing that she had passed through There was an untidiness about rough seas. rigging, which did not please the sailor eye of Captain Maylie.

She is a good sea boat, but the lubbers have neglected her. Her rigging is in a shape which would be disgraceful in a Dutch skuyt. Can you make out her name?" "The Seal Hunter, Nantucket," replied

Ralph. The captain uttered a cry of surprise

"Schooner ahoy!" he cried.

No voice replied; the silence of the dead

reigned about the place. Ralph," said the captain, "who shall say that Providence is not with those who have the will to work out His decrees? You see that schooner: I tell you that she is abandoned, and was given up for lost three years ago How she came here, so far to the north, I can not tell, but in that schooner we will search for

Ralph slapped his thigh with a loud laugh Hurrah for us, Cap!" he cried. do the trick, never fear. But, how are we go-

ing to reach her?" By way of reply, the captain reached out the seal lance, which he carried to aid him in walking over the rough ice, and drew a floating cake close to the place where he stood. "Here is a boat," he remarked. "Get

aboard. The two stepped out on the cake, and using their lances as paddles, moved it steadily to-ward the abandoned craft. In a few moments they were under her bows, and then clambering up the fore chains.

The schooner was indeed abandoned, but in far better shape than they had dared to hope. She sat on the water as lightly as a duck, and it was plain that there was no water in her Two good boats lay upon deck, and they knew that the crew had left her in great. haste, for the deck was littered with barrels boxes, and cans of preserved meats. The whee was lashed amidships, and thus the vessel was steering herself. At the bows hung two good anchors, somewhat rusty, but in good condi- crew of the Centipede were here, we would ex-

found the same confusion there, as if everything had been left in haste. Upon the table lay a log book, open, and held in its place by a heavy weight. Removing this weight, the captain read aloud:

SCHOONER SEAL HUNTER, Nantucket. SCHOONER SEAL HUNTER, Nantucket.
In lat. 80°, long. — The schooner is fast in
the ice, and the men have mutinied. They will
not stand by the schooner, and insist upon a
march over the ice. It is death to them and to
me, but I see no hope. I have kissed my
wife and children for the last time, and go to
meet the fate which Franklin met before me.
God forgive my sins, and care for those I leave
behind.

"Homas Munson, Master.
"Likeau him" said Maylie, sadly, "A good

"I knew him," said Maylie, sadly. "A good man and a brave sailor, but one who did not head. know how to deal with mutineers. Let us

hold was full of seal-skins, in excellent order. There was no man, living or dead, on board; and Maylie took possession.

"We must get a line ashore, and tow her close to the fast ice," he said. "She needs some little refitting before I will trust her in

They got out a two inch hawser and made it fast to the bowsprit. Then, stepping on their ice-raft again, they took the end of this line ashore, Jan staring in astonishment at the vision of a ship in these seas. The party laid hold of the hawser, and with infinite labor drew the schooner close to the ice, and then made her fast. This done, they set to work with a vim, cleared the foresail and jib of the ice which clung to them, and knocked off the ice from the foremast, so that the sail could be

"We have not got force enough to raise the mainsail." said Maylie. "Or the foresail, for that matter," added

"You will see. We are worn out and will rest, but first I am going to give you a

He entered the cabin, and opening a large locker, showed them several tons of coal stowed there. In half an hour a blazing fire was roaring in the cabin stove, and a pot of coffee was hissing above it. They found potatoes, frozen, it is true, but as they had never been thawed out, they answered just as well. They had bacon; pickles, ship's bread—in fact, everything to be found on board a well provisioned ship. And there, before a roaring fire, they drank their hot coffee, and ate the first civilized meal which they had tasted for

At six o'clock they were up and busy. The foresail was too heavy for them to hoist, but the captain rigged a fall, and for once made sailors of the dogs, by harnessing them to the tackle. By the aid of Jan's whip they were persuaded to pull, and the sail went up gayly. Then the peak was hoisted, the jib sent up, and the Seal Hunter was ready for a cruise The seals were sporting all about them, so Jan went out with his lance and dog, and in half an hour had seven fine fat seals for the use of the dogs.

"We are afloat!" cried Maylie. "Take the wheel, Bates."

"Ay, ay, sir!" The man stepped to the wheel, which he found to work admirably. How the rudder had been preserved through all the shocks it had passed it was impossible to say, but she minded her helm admirably, and glided through the channel before a fair breeze.

As they proceeded the channel widened, and at length they entered a basin at least two miles wide, which might well be said to be free from ice. At least, it was no worse than much of the sea through which they had passed after leaving Upernaivik, and much better than most of the water way. The schooner be-haved beautifully, and every one was delighted.

"It is worth living for to do this trick," reti ti be so, captain," replied the young
"We will give all honor to the men
ave done this, but it will not be the less
for that we have been able to do so much."

"It is worth it will go to to that the less at the birds, captain; they all head north."

"We have got the best of it, boys," replied the captain. "Head for that black cape on

the eastern side; just clear it, that is all.' They sailed on steadily, the seals sporting about them, the walrus rearing his ferociouslooking head from the tide, the Narwhaal leaping in front, and ducks, dovekies and other northern birds sailing over their heads to the northward.

It was twenty miles to the cape, and two hours passed before they reached it. A bare, brown, rocky cliff arose on one side, and or the other, twenty miles away, they could catch the outline of other land, abrupt and dark The prow of the schooner passed the cliff, and the captain and Ralph ran forward, as, with a leap as if of joy, the swift schooner bounded into the open sea, which rolls around the pole They had solved the mystery of the north, and the prow of their schooner parted water in which a ship had never rested since first the world was.

"Up with the flag!" cried Maylie. "Up with it, I say!"

The halvards had been rigged before they sailed, and the stars and stripes fluttered slow ly to the peak, held in place by Esquimaux Jan. They greeted the starry banner with three times three and a tiger, and then turned to look at the broad sea before them.

It was open, as they had hoped. Small, de tached cakes of ice floated upon it, but nothing more than is seen in any northern sea. The great waves rose and fell regularly, and the schooner rocked gently upon its bosom. men could hardly believe their good fortune. and yet here they were, above the belt of ice which guards the northern pole.

"Hug the shore, Bates," ordered Maylie I don't want to lose our channel, and if we put out to sea it may trouble us."

They ran up the coast for twenty miles. Its appearance changed as they went; instead of istening icebergs, they saw a sterile land, brown and bleak, much like southern Green-Herds of large animals could be seen grazing upon the slopes, and wishing to investigate, they ran into a haven under a projecting cape, where they could study this strange coun-They saw the musk ox, grazing contentedly, and countless in number; and reindeer in great droves, trotting up and down the grassy slopes, undisturbed by man.

The rocks along the shore formed the rest ng-places of myriads of sea-birds, which rose in clouds above the land, then settled again in their rocky home. The air was cold, but not unpleasantly so, and Maylie knew that they could winter here much more agreeably than anywhere in the ice-belt through which they had passed.

For a week they sailed along this coast, find ing it more fresh and green as they proceeded, until it ended in a long, green cape, which they rounded, and saw that the land tended to the

"We can do no more," admitted Maylie. 'With such a crew as ours we dare not go to sea, and must return. But, God knows if the

tion in other respects. They went below, and plore this mysterious sea better, or, like the ble place, with the floor and ceiling painted in

The Crimson Mask.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Antonia Haven looked down from her su perb hight at *petite* Agate May—little blossom-faced Agate, with her shy, downcast eyes of June sky-blue, and her thick, short, golden hair that curled in loose tendrils all over her

They went about the schooner and found that she had plenty of provisions, and that her hold was full of seal-skips in availant the seal skips in availant th wanted them to; with coal-black hair always arranged in the most fashionable style; a stylish, dashing girl, who liked gentlemen's society generally, and Vaughan Ringsland's in parti-

> Just at this identical moment of which we write Mr. Ringsland was lolling on the sofa in Mrs. May's sitting-room—one of those lazy handsome blonde fellows who hide such an im perious will under their indolent, graceful ways; and he was looking from Miss Haven's dark, scornful face to Agate's fair, pearl-like

"You don't really mean you believe in Fate or Destiny, or any such nonsense? Agate raised her eyes shyly.

"I always think what is to be, will be, said she, gently.
"Without regard for man's free agency Well, you can't convince me of any such non sense. Mr. Ringsland, what do you think?"

She asked the question in her most bewitch ing tone, looking at him with dangerous glances in her dark eyes

Ringsland laughed with magnificent uncon

'I don't know where you will put me. think with Agate, that what is to be, will be of course it is an axiom—that declaration Also I believe firmly in man's free agency.

He looked roguishly at her, and Antonia's heart gave a sudden thrill under his splendid Her voice lowered precisely enough as she

"For instance-what, Mr. Ringsland?" He was a bad fellow-this jolly Vaughan

Ringsland, or he never would have telegraphed Miss Haven such a meaning look.
"I meant simply and solely for an example

you know—that if, for instance I had made up my mind to win a certain lady, I should be a firm believer in man's free agency; while, on the other hand, if she was determined to win me, and I was not in the same mood, I would not answer that what was to be would be-that is, she wouldn't be successful."

It was a very strange speech, but, somehow. its very daring, its very conceit delighted Antonia, who was so surfeited with ordinary

every-day love-makings.

So, utterly oblivious of the dainty blushes in Agate May's cheeks as she listened to Rings. land, Antonia went on, almost gleefully. "Then surely you believe in astrologers, Mr. Ringsland? I do—oh! if Agate could only once hear one of them."

Agate was turning over the leaves of the music Ringsland had brought her; her pretty face still flushed with pleasure at his last words. Now she looked up into Antonia's hand-

some, vivid face.
"A fortune-teller? Oh, Antonia, I have always wanted to have my fortune told. Can't we go somewhere?"

Ringsland laughed. "And hear of the inevitable 'light-com-plected' and 'dark-complected' young man; of the little that is dead sure to come, and a surprise that is awaiting you. I can tell you all that. Agate."

Miss Haven turned her black eyes on hir "Can you conjure up the picture of her future husband? I know of a number of cases

where it has been done. I can take Agate to such a seeress in an hour.

Agate's blue eyes opened. "Can they? don't they ever make a mis-

Ringsland was enjoying her childish inno cence and astonishment to the full, and now he answered so very gravely that it set Agate' heart all a-flutter.

'Never! so correct are they, Agate, that if you happened to be engaged to one fellow, and the astrologer showed you the picture of another, you'd find yourself giving up the first, ven if you didn't want to, and waiting for the other one."

"Then I hope they'll show me-" Agate paused suddenly, in sweet confusion, but in that one hesitating second, Antonia

She loved Vaughan Ringsland, the man An tonia herself was in ecstasies over, and of whom she had boasted to her friends. A hard, steely glitter shone in her black

eyes for a moment, then she laughed softly. "Take care, Agate! Wait until we go, to-morrow, and then we'll tell Mr. Ringsland all about it when we come back.

And Agate, nothing suspecting, went to her oom that night, and lay down on the lacefluted pillow beside Antonia Haven's jetty haired head, thinking, as she closed her eyelids, that, if the fortune-teller would only show her Vaughan Ringsland, she would be the happiest girl in Christendom.

It was a large, semi-dark room, hung with curtains of dark brown, on which were in-scribed various hieroglyphics, the very sight of which sent curdles of horror all over Agate as she waited alone in the dim, mysterious place, while Antonia preceded her into the in ner sanctum where the big cauldron boiled, and the seeress murmured her incantations, and showed you the picture of your future husband -all for a dollar.

Antonia had wanted Agate to go first, but Agate wouldn't; she was nervous, and even objected to remaining alone in the waiting-room while Antonia disappeared behind the

But she sat there, in a stiff-backed, uncom fortable chair, feeling somewhat reassured at the sound of human voices behind the curtain and one of them Antonia's; then-springing from her chair with a jump when there came an undeniable scream from Antonia's lipswhether of fear, or pain, or astonishment, she could not tell-until the curtains parted, and Antonia herself came through, pale, and anxous, and agitated.

Agate! Agate! what shall I do? See here -oh, Agate, can it be true? can there be such bliss in reserve for me? Come—see him, Agate!"

Almost as bewildered as herself, Agate followed her into the inner room, a small, horri-

strange, foreign-looking woman, with a long, flowing robe of black, embroidered in what looked like winged serpents.

Agate took it in at a glance; then followed the direction of Antonia's finger.

Behind a large square glass transparency, and around which a flame of red hue was circling from a crucible fire at its base, was a picture, as perfect in every detail as if the original had stood before them, from the careless toss of the hair off the forehead to the slight cleft in the chin-Vaughan Ringsland, to the life.

Agate gazed helplessly at it, then at An tonia, as if she failed to grasp the meaning. Then, it came to her like a revelation of most wful misery, and she almost gasped the ques tion that arose to her lips.
"Not—not Ringsland—for you?"

Her piteous incredulity that Ringsland could be for other than herself shot a pang even to Antonia's hard heart.

"Yes, it is Fate! I cannot help it; and, Agate, it is not such a terrible destiny, is it?" There was a gleam of triumph in her eyes as she noted how implicitly the girl accepted the "Fate;" and as she glanced at the smiling, handsome face over which the crimson flames were fading, she thought for Ringsland's sake

anything was right. Agate sat still as a statue, only her eyes be tokening the snapping of hope's sweet chords in her heart; then, after several minutes, she

arose, wearily. You must know how it hurts me, Antonia; but, as you say—it is Fate. No one is to blame—it isn't your fault if he loves you; you are so beautiful. But, Antonia, it is awful to bear! I love him, too-oh, my God, I never knew till this moment how much I did

It was her one outburst-her one complaint but it was eloquent with the desolation of her young heart.

She refused to have her future predicted— no insinuation of grand, good luck could in-duce her—there was no good luck for her ever

So they went away - home, where they would see the sunshine of Vaughan Ringsland's fair face, and hear the tones of his voice that made one woman's heart ache awfully, as she thought of the bright, ebon-haired beauty be-tween them, who was his "Fate"—poor little Agate, whose belief was as unalterable as the

laws of the Medes and Persians. And Antonia—her eyes danced as Rings-land had never seen them dance before, as she came in the library, to bring him the promised

"Well?—and you received your dollar's worth? Aggie, child—why, what's the matter with you?"

He sprung from his library-chair, almos eagerly, and reached his arm to detain Agate from passing through the room. She shrunk away, as if hurt by the contact

of his hand. "Don't, please. Nothing is the matter. I don't feel quite well, that is all."

She went on past the table and through the door, followed by Antonia's bright eyes, and

Ringsland's surprised glances.
"Poor child," Antonia said, so tenderly; "she is a little distant—a little disappointed, I think. She—she—" She let her eyes fall

before Ringsland's roguish glances.
"Yes—she saw what or didn't see what? Give me the report verbatim et literatim; alo your own. You can't imagine how anxious

"She changed her mind at the last. I went first, and when—when they showed me the picture of—of—my future husband—"

Ringsland interrupted her with an exclama tion of incredulity. "You actually saw the picture of your future husband?" Antonia blushed, and laughed.

"I actually saw the faithful liken gentleman of my acquaintance. Ringsland looked puzzled. "I must confess I was doubtful on that sub-

ject; but if you saw your future happiness why-my faithlessness is shaken a little Antonia made no reply; she was busy with her thoughts just then. Ringsland dispelled them, roughly

'Where's Agate? I want to hear what Agate heard or saw. Oh, yes-she gave up the idea, you say. Isn't that singular? She was very anxious last night. Agate—I want you-come here! He caught a glance of her as she was passing the window; his commanding voice was not one that Agate could disobey; so, with a fierce

tug of pain at her heart, she went in, resolved never to tell him, while Antonia resolved she Ringsland greeted her gayly I verily believe you are not sick, but jeal-

us, Miss Agate May. Confess-or-But Agate did not laugh back at him: in stead, the deathly pallor increased from brow "Don't, Mr. Ringsland—please don't! Lam

sick—don't you see I am?"

She extended one hand in a sort of wistful entreaty that touched him. I think you are, child. I was cruel to tease you; forgive-- Why, Miss Havenbeg pardon, but I am astonished to find this in

For, from Antonia's pocket, as she drew forth her handkerchief, there fell, face up, a photograph of himself—with his name penciled un-derneath, and "For Aggie," following the

It was slightly tinged with red, as if a pow der had been dusted over it, then erased as thoroughly as possible Antonia made a futile effort to obtain it, but

ne succeeded in reaching it. He held it up, a strange, grave surprise on nis features, as he turned to Agate. 'Is this the way you use the gift I sent you? I did not think you would give my picture even to your friend, Miss Haven

Agate sprung toward him, her lips parted in 'Oh, Vaughan-Mr. Ringsland, I did not give it to her-I never gave it to anybody

s's mine yet; give it to me. Then she turned like a flash on Antonia Where did you get it, Antonia? See that red, dusky tinge on it! Oh, Antonia!" For, with a glimpse of the tell-tale crimson,

it had occurred to her mind with horrible force and truth. "What of the red tinge on it? What do you

mean to infer, Agate May? "What do I mean—oh, Antonia—you know what I mean—how could you do it?" Ringsland smiled, coolly.

"You have been playing a little drama—ou ladies, that I see through, though very in-Explain, Aggie, this mysdistinctly, as yet. terious red mark first, please."

Blushes as red as the flame-mark surged over

Agate's face for a moment; then, as she caught a second sight of Antonia's dark, flashing eyes, she shivered with the memory of that moment when she learned Ringsland was not her fate.

"Tell me at once, Agate. What has my picture to do with your escapade, this morning, and your suffering? Tell me, dear."
She looked suddenly up—that "dear" thrill-

ed every fiber of her being.
"Don't ask me, please, Mr. Ringsland. It

"'Mistake,' you would charitably decide?
Answer me this, Agate: did the seeress show any picture?"

She nodded yes. "Did she show mine?" Another nod. "To you, Aggie?"
Then a low-murmured "No."

He went on mercilessly. 'To Miss Haven?" The little golden head went down again.
"And in a red flame, Aggie?"
That was the test question, and Antonia paled as "Yes" came reluctantly from Agate's

Ringsland laughed, then went past Antonia

and took Agate in his arms and kissed her.
"I am afraid the seeress made a mistake, darling. I think I am your fate, if I may bemay Ign

Then turning to Antonia he bowed, smiling-"We will call it a little 'mistake,' Miss Haven, as Agate wishes to charitably do; and after to-day I never shall revert to the fact of your borrowing my picture from Aggie's room, and putting it to such a use that I am compell-

ed to refuse your future acquaintance for my self and wife." Antonia listened, as a prisoner listens to the doom from a judge; and realized that, in playing for high stakes, she did what other gamblers have done—lost the game through a freak

How to Shoot.

BY UNCLE RUBE RAMROD.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.
A MARKSMAN writes:—"I am a pretty fair shot at turkey shoots, and I have taken off a turkey's head with a single bullet at twenty rods distance, but I don't understand this new fangled style they have at Creedmoor, of which the papers have spoken so much. Will you tell me:—I. What is Creedmoor and why is it called so? II. How do they count their scores on the Creedmoor system, whether in strings of inches or otherwise? III. What is the size of the targets and how are hits signaled? IV. What rifles do they use? V. Is

the same system in use in England?" We answer:-I. Creedmoor is the name adopted by the National Rifle Association for its range, situated on the Flushing and North Side Railroad in Long Island, twelve miles from Brooklyn. The property was bought from a farmer named Creed, and being on an open flat ground or "moor," the combination which has since proved so happy was hit upon the property of the association and by one of the directors of the association, and

unanimously adopted. unanimously adopted.

II. Scores are counted by the divisions on the target, irrespective of inches. There are three divisions on all targets, namely: "bull'seye," "center," and "outer." Hits are counted as follows:—"bull'seye" 4, "center" 3, "outer" 2. The highest possible score in any match is thus found by multiplying the number of shots by 4, which has hardly ever been ber of shots by 4, which has hardly ever been reached, except in the case of very few shots being allowed in a match. The most remarkable score ever made was that of Fulton, at Creedmoor, in the International Match, firing 45 shots, 15 at 800, 15 at 900, and 15 at 1000 yards, without artificial rest. The highest ossible score was 180 points, or 45 consecutive bull's-eyes. Fulton made 171 points, or 36

bull's-eyes and 9 centers.

III. The targets are divided into "first," "second," and "third class," all six feet high. The first-class targets are used at 700, 800, 900, and 1000 yards. They have a "bull's-eye" 3 feet square, "center" six feet square, "outer" 6 feet high by 12 feet long. The second-class targets, used at 400, 500, and 600 yards, are 6 feet square, with "bull's-eye" 2 feet square, "center" 4 feet square, "outer" all the rest. The third-class targets are used at 300 yards and under. They are 6 feet by 4 feet, "bull's-eye" 8 inches square, "center" 4 feet square, "outer" all the rest. The targets are of iron, painted white, with black bull's-eye and center lines. The bullet in striking makes a distinct star-shaped mark. The marker is in a pit under the target, covered by a trap-door of iron, to protect him from the splash of the bullet. Behind the trap is a window of clear plate glass, 2 inches thick, through which he watches the target. Before him, on a rack, are three sheet-iron disks on the ends of poles. Each has a short, thick paint-brush projecting from its back center The faces are colored as follows:-for "bull's plack. When a shot strikes, the marker picks up the proper disk, dips the brush in the paintot, opens the trap, and paints out the mark of the shot. The color of the disk (which is 15 inches across) is seen from the Ling stand, and shows the position of the hit and the num-

ber of points made.

IV. Any bona fide military rifle is allowed in military matches. Minimum pull of trigger, three pounds. Telescope sights and such front sights as hide the bottom of the target, are V. The same system prevailed in England

till last year, when the "New Wimbledon" targets were adopted. These have one more division between "center" and "outer," are circular instead of square, and count one more point each for "bull's-eye" and "center. They count on them as follows:-"bull's-eye" , "center" 4, "inner" (the new division) 3, outer" 2. The first-class targets are the same size as before, with "bull's-eye" of the same diameter, but circular instead of square; 'center" 4 feet 6 inches in diameter, also circular; "inner 6 feet square (same as old "center"); "outer" same as old style. The secondclass targets are entirely circular; "bull's-eye" 22 inches in diameter, "center" 38 inches, 'inner" 54 inches, "outer" 70 inches. third-class targets are also circular, "bull'seye" 8 inches across, "center" 16 inches, "inner" 28 inches, "outer" 40 inches. The color of the signal disks is as follows:—"bull's-eye" 'center" red, "inner" white surrounded with black ring, "outer" black. These new targets will most probably be adopted at Creedmoor this year, as they encourage more accurate shooting than the old style. The American Rifle Association, of Westchester county, New York, has already adopted them, and finds them regarded with universal favor by competing riflemen at their matches. Their best point is that they render "ties" almost impossible, and prevent the consequent delay in settling precedence for prizes.